

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 592—VOL. XXIII.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1867.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1867.

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Our National Finances.

We hold it to be a self-evident truth that the only source of wealth is industry, and that what is true of individuals, is true also of the aggregate of individuals composing a nation. The form in which this accumulated wealth is held, varies according to the circumstances of the times, or the judgments of its separate owners, its natural tendency being toward those enterprises which will lead to its increase. The wealth of this country is represented by its shipping, its manufactures, its mines and agriculture, and what we may call its real estate. According to the profit or loss which attends each of these enterprises, so does the wealth of the individuals engaged in each increase or diminish, and the aggregate profit and loss of the individuals is the increase or diminution of the wealth of the nation. We now come to money, limiting our meaning of this strictly to gold and silver and bank-notes. It has been the custom with some writers to include under this head all bills of exchange, or whatever kind of paper was used to facilitate the settlement of balances between one part of the country and another, but for our present purpose we deem it best to limit it as we have said. The money in a country forms, of course, a portion of the national wealth, because it represents the product of industry of one kind or another, but the amount it bears to other forms of wealth is very small. Thus, before the war, the value of the real and personal estate in the United States was stated in figures to be about fourteen thousand millions of dollars, while the amount of money (in the limited sense we use it), was less than two hundred and fifteen millions.

These statements may seem to our readers like truisms, or like those self-evident truths which it is unnecessary to dwell upon. Our only apology for intruding them is, that they lie at the base of a true understanding of our present financial condition, and in times of excitement like the present, when the public mind is agitated by the fears of impending monetary disasters, it is well to recur to some fundamental principles which may guide us to correct conclusions.

It is very evident that no mere edict of power, no laws of a legislature can increase the wealth of a nation, as we have defined the word. That is, for example, Congress cannot make one ship two ships, one acre of wheat two acres of wheat, or a hundred bales of cotton two hundred. The only part of our wealth which the governing power can touch, is our money, and we hold that even this, keeping in view what its standard is, cannot be changed in value. By the common consent of the civilized world, gold and silver are the standards of value. Our five dollar piece is by law a gold coin of a certain definite weight and fineness. Has Congress then changed this weight or fineness so as to give this five dollar coin a changed value in the markets of the world? Not at all. All that Congress has done or could do, has been, for certain political reasons, the wisdom of which we do not question, to declare that a piece of paper, itself of no value, should be a legal tender in place of this gold coin, and on the face of this piece of paper the United States promises to pay five dollars to the bearer, but without any pledge as to the time of payment.

Previous to this issue of notes by the United States, our readers are aware that the notes issued by the various State Banks were redeemable in coin, that these bank issues have been legislated out of existence by heavy taxation, and that the issues of greenbacks and national bank notes have taken their place among us as money. Now, had the amount of these issues remained of the same volume as those they superseded, and which were sufficient to conduct the exchanges of the country, it is possible that, though not redeemable in gold, so great was the faith of the people in the ability of the Gov-

ernment to pay when the troublous times were passed, that they might not have sunk to a discount. We must beg attention to this phrase, which accurately represents the value of our present currency, whereas the phrase of "rise in gold," although amounting to the same thing, is delusive and the source of much error. But when, instead of two hundred and fifteen millions, which we have seen was the amount of money afloat before the war, there was thrust upon the country an amount of seven hundred millions, all of which was legal tender, an inevitable depreciation took place, called in Wall street the rise in gold, but in California the decline in greenbacks—the same thing under different names.

The natural result followed, which it is unnecessary to dilate upon now. Every man who had a bushel of wheat, or a pound of cotton or a gold dollar to sell, received in its stead paper which at one time bore the relation of two dollars and eighty cents to one dollar of the former currency. Finding this two dollars and eighty cents would purchase all he wanted, he imagined himself enriched thereby, and the sanguine upholders of the system actually assert that the wealth of the nation was increased, which, in the strict use of the term, those who have followed us so far must see was impossible. For when prices rose, that is, when the values of all commodities had adjusted themselves to this new and fluctuating standard, it was soon found by the owner of the two dollars and eighty cents that his increased number of bits of paper would buy no more than the single bit had formerly done; and the worst of it is, that the fluctuations in the value of the depreciated currency were and are so sudden, that commodities have no time to adjust themselves to this shifting standard, and heavy losses are constantly incurred in exchanging one for the other.

On the principles that we have thus laid down, it is quite evident that no remedy for these ruinous fluctuations can be found so long as the volume of money continues in excess of what the commerce of the country requires. Sooner or later it must be reduced to more moderate limits, but we fear that the process will bring ruin to many. It is no part of the Government, however, to prevent money panics. Under any currency system these must come; but the unmistakable warnings that Government has given of its policy in this respect—a policy which we may say is forced upon it by events, and which neither it nor any successors it may have can resist—may, or ought to mitigate the disastrous consequences which some people anticipate.

Young America.

The public has been gravely informed that "Mr. Leonard W. Jerome has given five thousand dollars to Princeton College, the interest of which is to be annually expended in the purchase of a medal, to be awarded to the graduating senior who shall be declared, by a vote of his classmates, to be the first gentleman of his class." That such a new order of merit has been founded by our distinguished patron of manly sports, we cannot but consider as having a significant bearing on the spirit of the age, and not to be left out in any consideration of it. If one could only be admitted into the conclave of the Princeton graduates in which the merits of the various aspirants for the new honor were debated, a good deal might be learnt as to what the rising generation considers the qualifications of a gentleman. It would be interesting, for example, to know whether a high place in the class would outweigh a proficiency in manly exercises, or whether both must not yield to what Mr. Turveytop would call the grace of deportment. Looking back to our own experiences, the school favorite was not necessarily the head of his class, nor the best runner, nor best oarsman, nor best "catch" at cricket, nor yet the richest or best dressed. The qualities of mind or body which attach the affections of a boy's companions to him are almost undefinable; but, at any rate, they are independent of mere proficiency. They have, however, such a sway over those around him, and actually include the germs of what gives distinction in after life, that the school or college favorite will generally be voted by acclamation to be also the first gentleman. It is well for the students at Princeton that this question has not to be decided by examination-papers; for we can well imagine the difficulties of defining personal preference, which is very much a matter of instinct, in the same way we would solve an algebraic equation.

We may congratulate the public that at last the *quæsita veritas* of what constitutes a gentleman is about to receive a solution. The proud bearer of the Princeton-Jerome medal may claim this rank throughout his life, and even carry his credentials in his pocket. We trust that in all cases the judgment of his fellow-citizens will justify the votes of his fellow-collegians, and that a "Princeton gentleman" will mean something far less equivocal than "gentleman by act of Parliament." The

public will watch with great interest the way in which the New Jersey college will discharge its new and solemn responsibility. Perhaps other collegiate bodies will follow the example, for it would be a pity that only one new Bayard should be created every year. Among our thirty million of people what could the example of this one "entire and perfect chrysotile" effect? What is required is a band of these distinguished youths—for even apostolic zeal might despair, supposing such zeal consistent with the demeanor of Princeton gentlemen, where the leaven was so little, and the lump so great.

The future career of these "gentlemen by election" is a matter of curious speculation. Are there any duties in our commonwealth for which their title will make them more competent? Clearly they cannot aspire to be common-councilmen nor aldermen, perhaps scarcely members of Congress. Perhaps we might venture to recommend them to Mr. Seward as our representatives abroad, but it would never do for them to hide their light under a bushel, or bury themselves within the precincts of their Alma Mater—although, in all accounts, the students of Princeton would be no worse for having such examples perpetually before them.

Seriously, however, if this novel feature in the termination of college life be the exponent, as we think it is, of a new aspiration of society, we cannot but consider it as a hopeful sign of the spirit of the age. It may be only a figure of speech to say that the events of the last few years have quickened our growth as a nation, but there is no doubt that our manners have changed considerably within this generation, and perhaps more considerably among young men than among their seniors. The genus Young America has perceptibly declined, and we see in its stead a more sturdy and vigorous growth. It may be that to some extent custom has reconciled us to the precocity of the boy-men who inundate society, but as we are sure no mere use could have reconciled us to the offensive arrogance and dogmatism which once characterized the class, we may suppose these features have dwindled away under the ridicule with which they were attacked. Offensive loudness of dress has given way to the study of what is becoming, if not elegant, and we believe there is a large and increasing class of our young men who seek distinction by moderation of language, instead of the vile habit of incessant profanity. That our boys and girls were precocious and even fast, was for a long time the remark of intelligent foreigners among us. If these remarks are now more rare, it may be because, if one may judge from the tone of the foreign periodicals that reach us, such precocity is no longer confined to ourselves. It is not here alone that the heads of families remark that their children no longer behave to them as they did to their parents. A Young England and Young France have sprung up, developing the same tendencies that were once thought peculiar to Young America. It is not to be wondered at that under similar influences the same results arise. It is impossible in the present age to prevent young people from thinking, impossible to keep newspapers out of their hands, impossible to prevent discussion among themselves, and the boy who thinks for himself upon any subject is sure, sooner or later, to use his power of thinking upon all. Hence blind obedience to his parents becomes oppressive, and argument must be brought to reinforce the parental authority. Experience shows, however, that so far from weakening his hold over his children by condescending to argument, and showing them the reason of things, the father surely increases his hold on their affections. As a rule, a man's reason for doing anything is so much better than his boy's reason for not doing it, that if he only gives it, he will be obeyed at once, and much better obeyed than if he gave a simple order. As a matter of fact, we believe parents are better obeyed than they were when the Young America School first blossomed—more readily, more intelligently, and with much less pressure to secure obedience. Even in the matter of smoking, we believe, the father who quietly tells his son not to use tobacco till he is twenty, because it has such and such results on his health, will meet much less opposition than he would have some twenty years ago. Then the boy would have smoked in spite of the parental remonstrance: now he will exclaim, and argue, and cross-question and yield.

If these views are correct, we can see many benefits arising to society from the development of this new element, now that its first exuberance is past. Perhaps its overgrowth has been checked by the war, and the increasing passion for outdoor sports may have changed its direction. After all, it was never a moral evil, and most men, if they were candid, would rather not see their sons the "ingenuous youths" which they were themselves. Young America frequently brought down on himself as much punishment as he inflicted upon others, but now, instead of being a bore to grown-up men, he has become an amusement and sometimes a delight.

Our Markets and their Management.

THE Legislature has prepared a bill, and the fire has prepared a place for the experiment of a market, where the fastidious seeker for food need not be disgusted in his search for it. If, as some philosophers hold, the growth and preparation of food is the foundation for all the education which serves to unite man with nature, while its consumption is the basis of the cultivation of our social qualities, or our union with our fellows, then the cleanliness and attention displayed in the first, and the delicacy and nicety shown in the last, are the best tests of the completeness of our civilization.

To a firm believer in the truth of this perhaps exaggerated theory the civilization of New York must seem to be at a very low point, since there is not a public market in the metropolis which does not shock the eyes and nose of every sensitive person who enters it.

Eating is one of the absolute daily necessities; even the most sublimated transcendental spiritualistic geniuses must indulge in it at intervals. It is useless to attempt to shirk it, it holds us inexorably in its clutches, so that the best thing to do is to make a virtue of the necessity, and try to throw around it that refinement which, on the authority of Burke, makes even vice lose half its evil by losing all its grossness. But even without such refinement, cleanliness would be a great gain. There is no reason why our markets should be the filthy holes they are. Their present condition is shameful and inexcusable. The traditional "market-place" is entirely shut out from our New York life.

It is a wonder and delight in many of the continental cities to see how clean, well-kept, well-ventilated and pleasant the markets of a city can be. Now that the opportunity is offered, we trust that a well-directed movement will be made to reform the shortcomings of New York in this respect. The buildings should be spacious, well-ventilated and built with such an attention to details of arrangement as to give freedom of access and circulation to the crowds. Somehow or other our public buildings are generally unfortunate in falling into the hands of those whose principal qualification to oversee them is not capacity, but interest or power of intrigue. And yet there is the ability here to plan and superintend a building of this kind. The pecuniary value of the daily transactions in our markets is enormous. The simple feeding of the population of New York is a business that interests not only every one of its inhabitants, but the whole country, since this city draws its supplies from Maine to Florida. But the business rush and hurry which performs such wonderful feats of instantaneous deglutition upon indigestible materials in our down-town restaurants is probably the real reason for the disregard of our markets. Eating in America appears to be considered a disagreeable natural process of accretion, to be performed in the quickest possible way. It would seem as though Americans considered every moment spent at the table as so much time lost from the worship of the almighty dollar. Here life is constructed on the railroad plan, as though doing everything fast was as advantageous as traveling on an express train. It is better, however, to annihilate space than the stomach, and this any one of our countless army of dyspeptics has learned to his cost.

Perhaps a better state of things may eventually be brought about if we commence properly at the foundation. And that there is a great deal to do before our markets are made attractive places of resort is evident to any one who visits them now. The difficulties and disagreeableness of attending to the daily supplying of the wants of life is the cause of the enormous increase of our wretched hotel and boarding-house systems, which destroy all chances of hospitality or social life. Let those of us who still retain some of the ancient traditions have a market where we can go to encourage and gratify such of the natural instincts as have not been entirely crushed out of us in this race for wealth, without being disgusted.

It seems a modest request, and would certainly result to the advantage of all classes. The buyers would buy more cheerfully; and though a certain degree of forcibleness of language and disregard of the niceties of polite expression is generally supposed to be necessary in the market damsel, particularly when of a certain age, yet, if the surroundings were different, perhaps a change might be wrought even here. Cleanliness is next to godliness; let us have the cleanliness first, and trust to the proverb working its own verification.

Albany Legislation.

The amorous youth, who, as the story goes, desired to marry his grandmother, and met his father's objections by the *ad hominem* argument, "you married my mother, why may not I marry yours?" would scarcely have felt himself under obligations to Mr. Kline, who has just introduced a bill in the State Senate designed to prevent marriages between blood

relations. It could surely have only been an excess of zeal to make himself generally useful that induced any member to select such a subject as this for legislation. One would really suppose that there was a large class of grandmothers who designed to marry their grandsons, fathers who wished to marry their own children, nieces their uncles, and so on, and who could only be restrained by such a special legal prohibition. We venture to say that some of these cases never happen, that the others included in the bill are extremely rare, and only take place among a class of people who would make such marriage contracts, no matter what were the laws forbidding them. No Roman Catholic priest would celebrate a marriage between parties having the affinities stated in the bill, and the "table of prohibited degrees" among Episcopalians would equally prevent their clergymen from officiating at such marriages. While among the large class who belong to neither of these religious denominations, and to whom a secular marriage has an equal sanctity with a religious one, there is a public sentiment which forbids such alliances. We conceive, therefore, that such a bill is unnecessary, and for this reason alone ought to fail; but we object further on general principles, to any interference with marriage relations now long established among us.

On physiological grounds Mr. Kline would have been consistent if he had proposed to forbid the marriages of first cousins, but as he has not done this we suppose his object was simply one of morality, and we have shown that in this view his proposed prohibition is not needed. If the worthy senator wishes to be useful, let him bring a bill to prohibit street railroad companies from carrying more passengers than their cars will seat, or only being entitled to half fare from those who stand. If he can carry such a bill he will have the thanks of this community and our fervent hopes that his days may be long in the land.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE snow-storm is the topic of interest. For the last few years there has not been so severe a fall of snow in this city. It has its advantages and disadvantages. In the economy of nature the snow seems to keep the earth warm, and preserve the moisture for the youthful growing crop, but a snow-storm in the city is most suggestive of the truth that God made the country and man made the city. But yet the snow is a blessing to the men who get the jobs of clearing it away. Probably at least \$10,000 has been paid in this city for this purpose, but at the same time much more money has been lost by those whose various avocations have been impeded or prevented by the snow. It is at the same time something of a selfish consolation to know that London is suffering at the same time from a worse snow-storm than we have here. It is horrible in London, because they are not as accustomed to it as we are, and not prepared to get rid of it as quickly as we can. The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for this week has illustrations showing the discomforts of the storm in the city and one of the sports incidental to it in the country.

Mr. Parton, in the *North American*, has an essay on Webster, in which he says boldly a good deal of truth, although he is hardly able to fully grasp or comprehend the advantage and meaning of a nature like that of Webster. Still the article is a good one, and free from the faults of flippancy and the flavor of vulgarity which have heretofore characterized most of Mr. Parton's writings. The improved change is most commendable, and if continued will make Mr. Parton really a contributor to the literature of the country, a position which is evidently his ambition. Mr. Parton gives the following picture of Webster during the last years of his public life: "Such were the might and majesty of his presence, that he seemed to satisfy the people by merely sitting there in an arm-chair, like Jupiter, in a spacious yellow waistcoat, with two bottles of Madeira under it."

Victor Hugo gave a Christmas *file* to the poor boys, forty-one in number, to whom he gives a dinner every fortnight. In his speech upon the occasion, he justified the plan of feeding the body as the necessary foundation to improving the mind or the morals. The ground is, perhaps, a new one, though the moral pocket-handkerchief is still somewhat cultivated by the charitably inclined. He also had a provision of toys for his boys, thinking, as he said, that pleasure should be provided for the mind as well as food for the body. The whole plan is excellent, but it would seem that a dinner once a fortnight could be improved upon by a dinner every day.

A jury has given \$5,000 to a woman who had her leg broken in two places by being pushed from a car by a conductor, who refused to stop the car for her to get off. It would seem that, perhaps, after all, the public will finally come to the conclusion that all the streets of New York city, together with the lives and limbs of the inhabitants, do not belong to the railroad corporations.

Generals Rosser and Wise have been making an appeal to the people of Virginia to aid the widows and orphans of those killed in the war. They propose going into the lottery business for this purpose, offering as prizes the houses of Jeff Davis and General Lee. Perhaps the Government may have something to say concerning this. Both these gentlemen showed themselves, and seemed to glory in it, as ignorant and foolish rebels as they ever were. It is well they should interest themselves for those who are left in poverty on account of their insane folly as leaders.

Another volume of poems by George Arnold, with the title, "Poems, Grave and Gay," has been published. It contains an introductory notice by William Winter. Many of the poems contained in it and by the prose sketches spoken of in the notice, were written for and appeared first in the ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

Laboulaye's charming fairy story of "Femite" has been issued in Boston as well as here. The Boston edition reproduces all the charming illustrations of the original. The collectors of Doré will find some of this artist's illustrations among those in this volume. The translation also preserves admirably the spirit and wit of the original, and though issued anonymously as is known to be by a lady who is as competent as modest in the field of literature.

The National Equal Rights Colored Convention has issued an address to the colored people of the United States, in which they offer a "few brief suggestions" upon the duties devolving upon them. Among these they suggest the necessity for self-exertion, for industry in acquiring wealth, and the consideration which flows naturally from its possession. To do this they advise them to combine their exertions, since union is strength; and also to aim at acquiring the knowledge necessary to engage in mechanical, mercantile, and agricultural pursuits, to acquire land, and to educate themselves. The whole address is characterized by a

temperateness and ability which would do credit to any body of men, while the suggestions are such as would apply with equal force and pertinency to the poor of all complexions.

The small advices from Europe show that the fire greatly injured, if it did not entirely destroy the celebrated Alhambra courts. In connection with this, we would again mention the fact that a set of these *façades* is in this city, having been secured by a gentleman who was with Owen Jones when he made the castings from the Alhambra. It would be most desirable if they could be secured for some public institution, where they might serve the purpose of instruction and pleasure more fully than they can in private hands. The system of wall-decoration used in the Alhambra is at once simple and satisfactory, and would be of great value if introduced popularly here.

The English government has made the post-office a system of saving-banks. The plan has been in operation only about five years. The amount on deposit is now over \$40,000,000. The same system might be most advantageously introduced here, since the moneys now used by the trustees of the successful banks in building expensive buildings, which are not necessary for their business, and serve only the purpose of gratifying their own petty vanity, might, with advantage go into the hands of the government, and be returned to the depositors in the form of a reduction of taxes, by helping to pay the national debt.

West Washington Market, which has been presented at least three times as a nuisance by various grand juries, and which has been a choice bone, full of marrow, for which the various dogs of the Ring have been engaged in numerous savage struggles, has been destroyed by a most providential fire. The ground now is at last clear for an improvement, if a new market is built on the same place; or if, better still, the whole system of our markets is renovated and reversed.

Amusements in the City.

The following are the leading features in the metropolitan amusement, during the week ending Wednesday, January 23d: At the Winter Garden Mr. Edwin Booth has appeared four times in his rôle of Bertruccio, in Tom Taylor's "Fool's Revenge," a version of "Rigoletto," and renewed the impression of many of his admirers that he has no character displaying more power than that of the conflicting jester and father. A new face (to New Yorkers) has supported him, in Miss Rachel Noah, from the Boston Theatre, who has displayed much *petite* grace and no small proportion of juvenile power, as Fiordelisa, the daughter of Bertruccio. The support has been otherwise fair, in the hands of Mr. Barton Hill, Mr. Leffingwell (who, however, low-comedies everything), Miss Ida Vernon, etc., and the play has drawn well. Mr. Booth has also reappeared as Romeo, with the very sweet and pleasing Juliet of Mad. Methus Scheller. On Tuesday evening the 22d, at the Winter Garden, Mr. Booth was the recipient of a very handsome and costly medal, nearly a year in preparation, from editorial and other friends, in recognition of his wonderful success as Hamlet. * * * At the Olympia the Richings English opera troupe have been very successful and given a constant change of operas to fine houses. The troupe, which numbers Miss Richings as *prima donna*, Miss Zelma Harrison as *seconda donna*, Mr. Castle as *tenor*, Mr. Campbell as *bass*, Mr. Seguin as *basso*, etc., commenced with "Martha" on Monday evening the 14th, and followed with "Maritana," "Fra Diavolo," "Don Pasquale," "Sonnambula" and the "Doctor of Alcantara"—all within the one week, and all given with rare excellence. The season bids fair to be a triumph for the Olympia. * * * At the Broadway Theatre Mr. John E. Owen has concluded, and the Worrell Sisters commenced an engagement on Monday evening the 14th, in the fairy piece "Camaramazan and Badours" and the farce "Out to Nurse." They have been very flatteringly received, as such good girls deserve. * * * At Niblo's the "Black Crook," with still new dances and dresses; at Wallack's "Ours," worthily popular and giving no signs of decline; and at the New York Theatre "Cendrillon" still attracting on the "Black Crook" system, though by no means its equal in any regard. * * * Manager Lester Wallack generously gave a benefit to the families of the lost on the Fleetwing, on Monday evening the 21st, the whole company taking part. * * * At Barnum's Mrs. G. C. Howard and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have continued very successful; while that Van Amburgh Menagerie, now one of the finest and costliest collections in the world, has supplied undoubted and beneficial attraction to thousands upon thousands of the children and their elders. * * * "Horse Comedy" and the "Jockey Club Races" have been the leading comicalities at the New York Circus, where the season is and continues one of the most successful known to that class of amusement in New York. * * * Mr. Bateman announces the closing concert of the Bateman Concert Troupe for the season of 1866-7, at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening the 23d January. * * * The Caledonian Club held their annual ball at Irving Hall on Friday the 11th (mention omitted last week), with an excellent attendance and the festivities spiritedly conducted, though a little tardy in commencement, under the management of Chief McLellan, Ex-Chief Mitchell, etc. The sons and daughters of Scotia, as well as their guests, enjoyed the occasion hugely. * * * The Grand French Opera has continued, at the Théâtre Français, Offenbach's "Orphée" being the feature of the week; while at the Théâtre de la German troupe have also been giving grand opera, the "Marriage of Figaro," with Madame Frederic as *prima donna*. * * * Mr. A. H. Pease's grand annual concert took place at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening the 19th, with the marked and pleasing features of the assistance of Madame Gazzaniga, Madame Camilla Urso (the violiniste), etc. * * * Mr. Harts still remains at Dodworth's Hall, with his marvels of the "Head in the Air," "Growth of Flowers," and other *diablerie*.

ART GOSSIP.

Mr. W. J. LINTON, who has long held a leading position among the wood-engravers of England, is now in this city, where he purports, we believe, to remain some time. An artist, himself, in the special and practical sense of the word, Mr. Linton possesses to a remarkable extent the power of interpretation; or, in other words, the ability to infuse into an engraving on wood the sentiment and feeling that inspired the mind and directed the hand of the artist by whom the drawing was executed. Simplicity in the means by which effects were produced was a characteristic of the great Newcastle school of engravers on wood, and this is obvious, to a great extent, in the works of the best English engravers of to-day, among whom Mr. Linton, as we have said, stands *facile princeps*. Considering the immense influence exercised for the last quarter of a century upon periodical literature, and through that channel upon education, by the art of wood-engraving, it would be difficult to attach too much importance to the full development and progress of the latter in this country. Emulation will do much toward this; and it is with no small satisfaction, then, that we announce to our readers that arrangements have been made by us with Mr. Linton to execute for us, during his sojourn in New York, a number of engravings, which are to appear, from time to time, on the pages of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The members of the Wood Engravers' Society invited a select number of friends to welcome their distinguished brother-in-the-craft at their rooms in Chambers Street, on the evening of January 8th—an occasion which may be recorded as a new starting point for the art in this country.

The Gambart collection of pictures of the French, English and Flemish schools, which have been on exhibition for several weeks at the Studio Building in Tenth Street, was sold at auction in the gallery, by Messrs. Leeds & Miner, on the evening of January 10th. Among the highest prices realized, we noted \$1,300 for Alma Tadema's quaint, clever picture, entitled "A Dance in Rome;" \$1,500 for "The Parting Look," by Koller; \$1,425 for "The Return from the Foster-Mother," by Phasan; \$870 for "The Poor Widow's Removal," by Joseph Israels; and last, though by no

means least, \$5,250 for "The Critic," by Meissonier; "King Canule," by Gérôme, was bid up to \$4,350, at which price it was bought in, and is, we believe, to be sent back to Europe.

Mr. Derby, who has leased the gallery opened last year by Messrs. Miner & Somerville, at No. 846 Broadway, gave a private view there on Monday evening, 14th January, of a large collection of pictures lately purchased by him from Mr. Wright, a well-known connoisseur residing in the neighborhood of Hoboken, New Jersey. This collection is now open to the public, and is of a peculiarly interesting character, comprising, as it does, many important pictures from the easels of artists of note American as well as European. A leading attraction in the room is Rosa Bonheur's famous picture "The Horse Fair," a work which really ought to find its place of rest in some great permanent collection of works of art. Eastman Johnson's master-piece, "The Old Kentucky Home," also figures here; and during our brief visit to the gallery, we noticed two or three landscapes of great merit from the pencil of George Inness. Persons who are really appreciative of art should not lose the opportunity now afforded them of viewing this very select and interesting collection of pictures, which probably will soon be dispersed by the inexorable fiat of the auctioneer.

Sainte Beuve, in a reminiscence written by him of Gavarni, gives the origin of that now *de cravon* of the famous artist, who has lately passed away. Some of the happiest days of Chevalier's youth, it seems, were passed in the beautiful Vallée de Gavarni, in the Pyrenees. Whilst disposing of some water-color drawings one day to Suisse, the latter suggested to him, as a matter of expediency, to adopt some signature by which his pictures should be recognized. Thereupon his thoughts went back to the lovely *paysage*, and which he had lived, and, changing the name of the valley to the masculine, he adopted it, once and forever, and signed his sketches with "the Gavarni," that has long since become a household word.

One of the most remarkable instances of purblind policy that has come within our notice for a long while is an effort now being made by a few (a very few, we hope and believe) of our native artists to have a duty placed upon imported foreign pictures. *Aris longa* has for ages been recognized as a scholium from which there is no dissent, and, in the cosmopolitan sense, at least, art should be as broad as it is long. America is as yet, however, far behind the countries of Europe with regard to great centres and schools of art. For the comparatively few, travel affords the necessary opportunity for art culture of the highest kind; but for the millions who remain at home the works of foreign art from time to time introduced into this country are invaluable aids to instruction; and it is our opinion that, instead of obstruction being thrown in the way of art from abroad, every possible facility and encouragement ought to be afforded to its currency here.

BOOK NOTICES.

OUTPOST. By MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN. BOSTON: J. E. TILTON & CO.

A delightful story, written only as one who dearly loves children and habitually looks on the bright side of things could write. The thread of the narrative is the history of the adventures of a beautiful child, the daughter of wealthy parents, who, when six years old, passionately fond of music, and already an accomplished little *domestic*, gets lost and falls into the hands of an old hag, has her exchanged for her pretty dress, and is abandoned in the street at night. A warm-hearted Irish laundress cares for her for a while—till she is carried off by a strutting Italian organ-grinder, who, to make sure of her, hoping to get rich by exhibiting her as an accomplished dancer in company with a monkey, takes her by railroad to the West. A collision of trains separates them, and the child again changes hands, this time being picked up wandering alone on the high road, by a kind-hearted and strong-minded young lady, in whom she finds a protector indeed, and with whom she removes to a farm on the banks of the Des Moines. Not till after a lapse of two years is the child restored to her parents. But though the adventures of the little girl constitute so large a portion of the story, and are so well told that they will be read by children with intense interest, there is abundance of true love interwoven in the narrative. One young lady has three "offers" in rapid succession, and a wedding, with an engagement or two thrown in, brings all to a happy conclusion.

THE GIRAFFE HUNTERS. By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. BOSTON: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Aounds, like all Mayne Reid's works, in starting incidents and adventures. The scene is in South Africa, the country of the giraffe, the elephant, the hippopotamus, the ostrich, and countless herds of buffaloes and antelopes. A good deal of natural history is worked into the narrative in such a way as to leave a permanent impression on the minds of boys, for whose amusement and instruction the work is especially adapted. Eight of the most striking incidents are accompanied with engravings.

SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS A YEAR. BOSTON: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

The history of a wife's efforts at low living under high prices. Much may be learned from this little book in the science of keeping house economically; but to live respectably on six hundred dollars a year, the authoress found a task too difficult even for her ingenuity and good management. The book is well written, and contains many valuable hints for young housekeepers.

Mrs. MacMahon's Apartment in Roosevelt Street.

Our three illustrations upon the first page were sketched upon the spot. They show, first, the entrance to No. 22 Roosevelt street; next, the attic and entrance to Mrs. MacMahon's apartment; and, finally, the apartment itself. It will be seen that the window has no glass, but has to be stopped up by boards. In this forlorn and desolate hole several human beings are obliged to live. The room is as void of furniture as the walls are of plastering. For the right to stay in this miserable mockery of a shelter the tenant has to pay three dollars a month, and is threatened with an advance of two dollars a month and a half! The owner of this property is a rich man, who lives in a splendid brown-stone front house, in one of the most expensive quarters in the upper part of the city. The artist has made a sketch of his mansion, which we forbear using for the present, since, perhaps, he is not aware of the wretched condition of this portion of his property, there being a middle man between him and the tenant. From such terrible den of poverty and squalor can we expect anything but vice and crime? The necessity for much of the expensive legal establishment of this city is caused by the heartless selfishness which forces the poor to live in such holes as this. This house, and its numerous prototypes, cost the taxpayers of the city more, unquestionably, than the owners get from them in rent. When will the taxpayers learn that simple motives of economy, not to speak of decency, should lead them to remove, with a strong hand, all such nests of disease and crime? The public conscience is the only one that can be appealed to; and an appeal to this may be made more forcible by a simultaneous appeal to the public pocket. The greed for private gain overcomes any hope of redress by appeals to the private consciences of the owners of such disgraceful buildings as this.

We are indebted to Captain Thorne, of the Fourth Ward Police, for his kind aid and assistance, in finding and sketching this one of the plague spots of New York. It is one of the peculiarities of the owners, and frequently of the dwellers in such localities, that they object strenuously and sometimes forcibly to becoming the objects of publicity; and no one who has never tried it can know the difficulty there is in gathering such information of the abuses in our midst as we show here, and have previously shown, and intend to show again. Without the aid of the police it would often be impossible to gather the information we need, and we must acknowledge the aid they have always afforded us, and the uniform, kindly appreciation of our intentions which we have always met at their hands.

EPISTOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The anniversary of the Woman's Hospital took place on the evening of the 12th inst. The success that has attended this institution is a subject of sincere congratulation to all who are really interested in the welfare of women. One of the greatest difficulties, however, in the way of the independence of those who, not having or desiring to have some man to lean upon, are forced to seek their own support, comes from the foolish prejudices of the more fortunate of their own sex. The welfare of women lies chiefly in their own hands, and on this account all attempts to educate them to a true comprehension of life, and to an ability to take care of themselves, should meet with all the encouragement possible.

On the two colored members of the Massachusetts Legislature, one, who is a lawyer, has been placed upon the Committee on Federal Relations, and the other, a printer, upon the Standing Committee on Printing.

It is reported that surveys are making for the purpose of building a pneumatic railway across the North and East Rivers, to unite this city with Brooklyn and Jersey City. The idea is a submarine tube, through which passengers should be shot by air.

The *Evening Post* has a wonderful correspondent, who, on occasion of the presentation by Dr. Strong, of Ithaca, of a complete set of the "Gentleman's Magazine," to the Cornell Library, says that the doctor was offered several thousand dollars for the set by the trustees of the Astor Library. Whether the trustees of the Astor Library are ignorant enough to do so stupid a thing may perhaps be a question, but that the *Evening Post* should print such a statement is surprising. Five hundred dollars would be a large price for such a set, and it is one of the series of books most easy to find.

The New York State Volunteer Institute, situated on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventy-sixth Street, which is under the direction of a Colonel Young, and which is now in the market with a lottery scheme, is the subject of such an *épise* in the *Post* as will probably prove more advantageous to the children in it than to the proprietors. It appears that it is quite an accurate reproduction of "Do-the-Boys' Hall," and the city has probably been better canvassed for it as a praiseworthy charity than for any of the similar schemes, Mr. Young and his wife having made a regular systematized business of so doing.

Mr. Charles O'Connor, of this city, who is the principal lawyer for Mr. Jefferson Davis, has been invited to deliver an address before the literary societies of the college of which General Lee is president.

We had last week upon the first page of the ILLUSTRATED PAPER illustrations of the scene in the Common Council, which was unquestionably a most disgraceful affair. In this week we have an illustration of the manners customary among the officers in the tax office. These scenes have their value in showing the class of persons who govern this city, and under whose management our city taxes have reached the enormous amount of \$17,000,000.

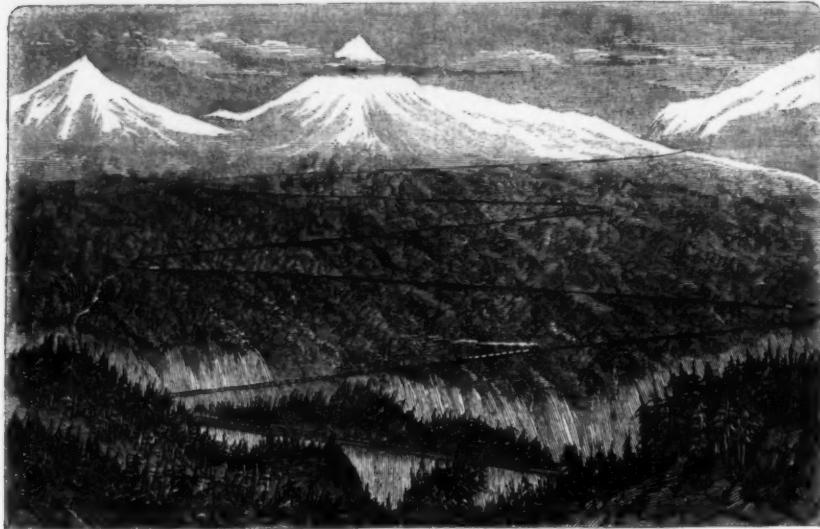
It is proposed to pay the National Debt by having each of the twenty-five millions of the inhabitants of this country burn every day a five cent stamp. There is no doubt this would do it if the people could only be prevailed upon to carry it out.

Foreign.

The Marquis of Westminster, who owns almost all the west end of London, is said to have formed a plan for improving the dwellings in that quarter. Meanwhile the claims of the eastern, the poor quarter of London, are put forward by some of the English papers, who seem to think that this portion of the city is in more immediate want of improvement.

The Atlantic telegraph brings the news that the ice in Regent's Park broke under the weight of the skaters, and precipitated some 200 persons into the water, of whom about thirty are drowned.

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



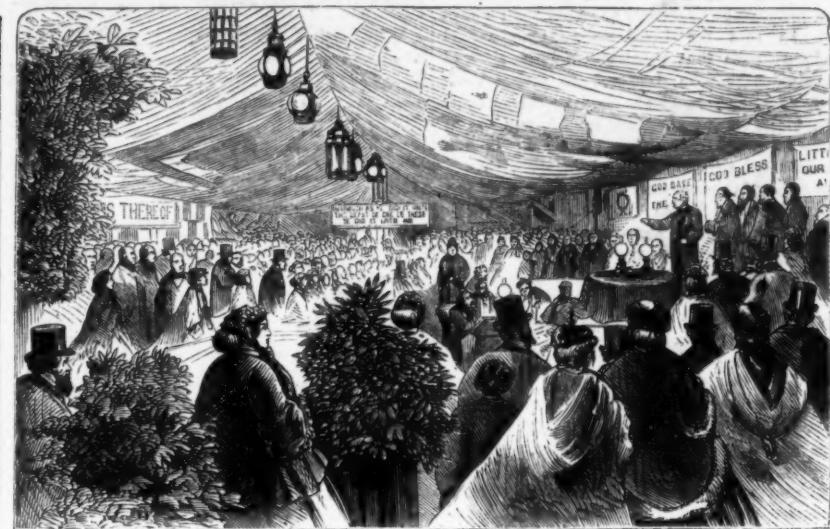
THE RAILWAY OVER MOUNT CENIS—VIEW ABOVE LANSLEBOURG.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Railway at Mount Cenis.

This illustration shows the present railway over the Alps, the winding course of which it is intended to obviate by the tunnel now in process of construction.

variety and importance of which we have no idea here. There are in Paris some fifty different varieties of cheeses, forming a graduated scale from the strongest to the most delicate, resembling rather the most delicate fresh cream than what we know here as cheese. At the exhibition here illustrated there were cheeses of all shapes, of all countries, all colors and all perfumes,



THE INAUGURATION OF THE SHIP CHICHESTER, AS A HOME FOR DESTITUTE BOYS, LONDON.

from Holland. There were yellow and red cheeses, pomegranate cheeses, Solferino colored cheeses, and green cheeses. Among the cheeses from Holland was one called the Banana cheese, resembling this fruit exactly in every respect, except in taste and smell. The French Gruyere cheese carried away the prize. While we are talking so much of encouraging home manufac-

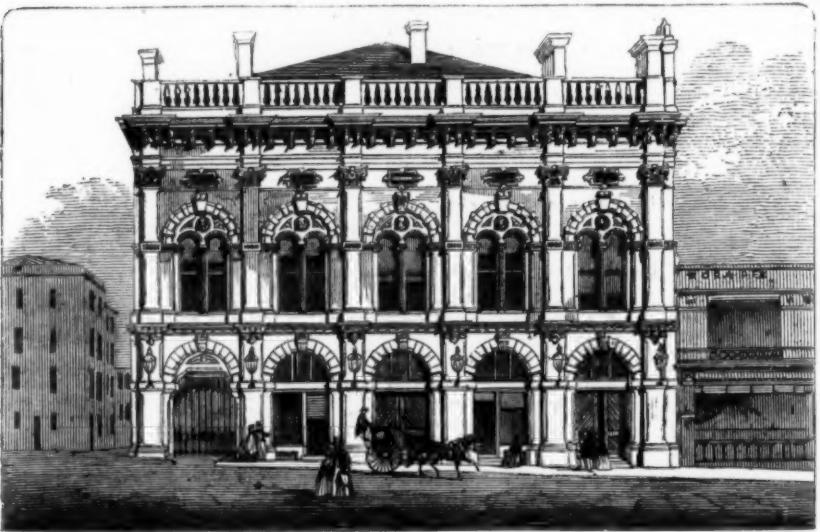
cacy of taste requisite for distinguishing the varieties and comparative merits of the various cheeses and butters is as refined and nice as that required by the tasters, who can tell from the infusion on the market price of the various brands.

Prince of Wales Theatre.

This is the new theatre recently finished in Liverpool.



CHEESE-TASTERS AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY, PARIS.

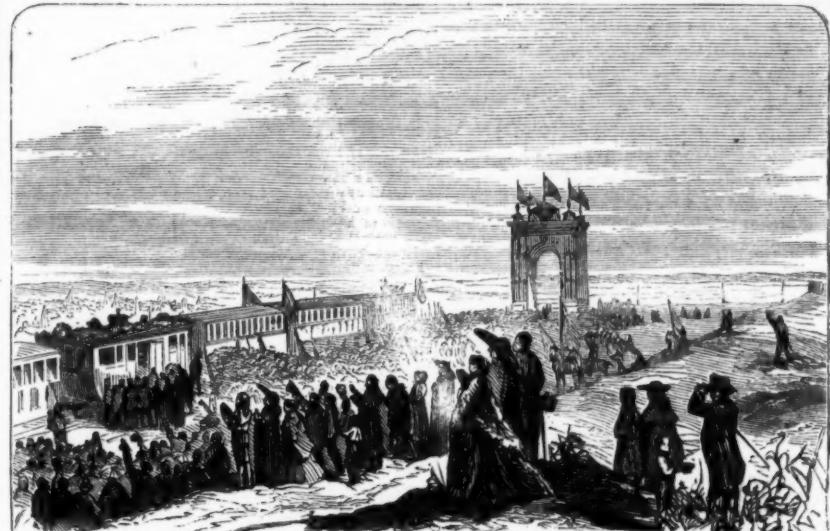


THE NEW PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Cheese-Tasters at the Palace of Industry, Paris.

There is every year at the Palace of Industry an exhibition of poultry, cheese and butter. The production of cheeses in France is a branch of industry, the

cooked cheeses, fat, hard, fresh, dry, creamy, not creamy, pressed, crumbly, smoked, salted, cream cheeses, pure cream cheeses, flower of cream cheeses, double and triple cream cheeses, Swiss cheeses, Italian, from Auvergne and the Pyrenees, from Brie, des Vosges, Normandy, Belgium, England, Germany and especially



THE FRENCH COURT AT THE THEATRE AT COMPIEGNE.



THE FRENCH COURT AT THE THEATRE AT COMPIEGNE.

it would be well if our farmers would turn their attention to this subject of cheese; let them go to the Exposition this year and learn how delicious and varied a delicacy cheese can be made, and also the advantage there is in making fresh butter, an article which it is now impossible to find in this enormous city. The deh-

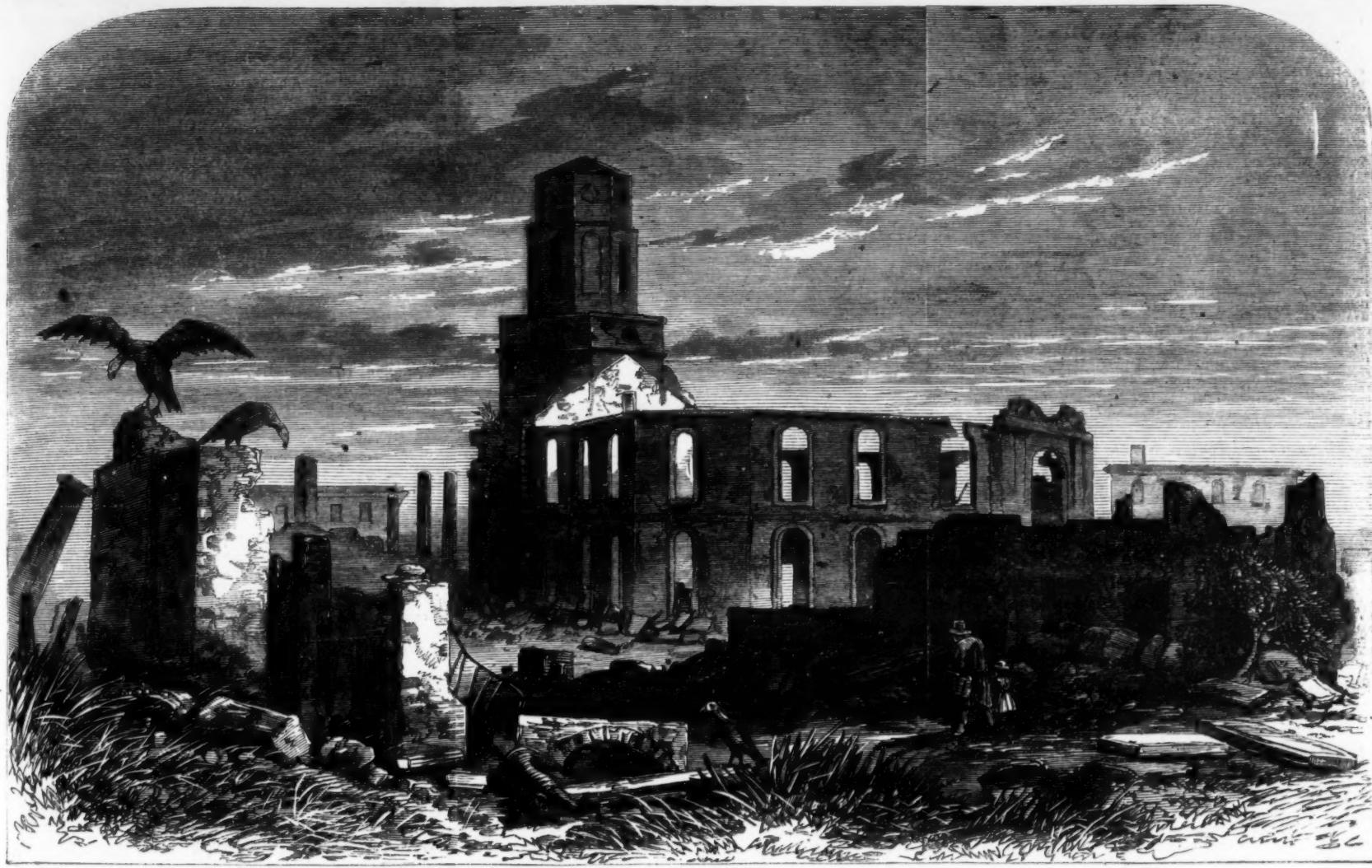
exact effect produced in England and other aristocratic countries by dedicating public buildings to the principal members of the government, it is difficult for a republican to understand. It does not seem that the Prince of Wales pays anything more for having a theatre named after him, but the proprietor and the mana-



EMBELLISHMENTS OF PARIS—ALTERATIONS OF THE MOUNT ST. GENEVIEVE.



COSTESSEY HALL, NORFOLK, ENGLAND, SEAT OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD STAFFORD.



RUINS OF THE CIRCULAR CHURCH, ON MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.—SEE PAGE 312.

ger comprehend fully that the great public will run in greater crowds to a theatre which has only such a flimsy and delusive connection with royalty, than to one which has no such appeal to the snobbishness of English human nature.

Embellishments of Paris.—Alteration of Mount St. Genevieve.

This illustration shows a portion of the enormous works undertaken for the embellishment of Paris, during the reign of the present Emperor. It was the boast of the Emperor Augustus that he found Rome built of brick and left it a city of marble. Napoleon III. appears to desire that his own reign should be marked by the same kind of glory, and certainly although one of the main ideas underlying all the improvements he has made is that of so arranging the streets in Paris as effectually to prevent any possibility of future revolution, yet still the benefits which arise from removing

the crooked narrow lanes, shut out from the sunshine, and so damp and filthy as to be unfit for human habitations, and replacing them by fine broad avenues, built up with houses replete with all the conveniences of modern luxury, are great enough to entitle him to much praise.

The visitor of the Paris of to-day would hardly recognize the Paris of ten years back. The old parts have been destroyed, and in place of the narrow, winding old streets, filled with apparently dilapidated and tottering ruins, we have fine broad avenues, giving free scope to ventilation and circulation, and filled with palaces of the peculiar Caen stone, which is almost in universal use in Paris. One of the most peculiar customs in Paris is that of building the new buildings with rough blocks, and then after the structure is completed, finishing it with the graceful carvings which are so easily worked in the Caen stone. The same plan was used in finishing the interior of Trinity Chapel in this city, the inside of which is lined with Caen stone, which was imported from France.

Inauguration of the ship Chichester as a Home for Destitute Boys, London.

This ship is made home for the destitute boys of London. The ship will accommodate 200 boys; at present there are 160 boys who find a home in it. From the commencement of the plan up to 1865, 1,016 boys had been admitted to the institution; and during this period 758 had left the ship for positions in the navy or

kind here, having for a primal object the training of the destitute boys of the metropolis to fill the position of capable seamen, either in the navy or merchant service, would, we are sure, meet with the generous support which all well-meaning and properly conducted charities meet with in this city, and would also be of the greatest benefit to the boys themselves. There is no lack of boys requiring such aid; the supply is always in excess of the means to provide for them.



MISS IDA LEWIS, OF LIME ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KINDLER, OF NEWPORT, R. I.—SEE PAGE 312.



THE HON. ROSCOE CONKLING, U. S. SENATOR FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 312.

merchant service, or for other positions, or for emigration. The scheme is a most admirable one, like all schemes which tend to give a poor boy the ability and opportunity to support himself, and like the noble charity of our own News-Boy's Lodging-House and other institutions of the Children's Aid Society, cannot be too highly commended, nor can the infinite good it does be over-estimated. Some institutions of this

Journey of the Queen of Spain to Lisbon.
Our illustration represents the crowds which assembled to welcome the Queen of Spain, on her arrival at Lisbon, headed by the civic and provincial authorities. A fearful accident occurred during the royal progress. The royal train was preceded by a pilot-engine, to keep the track clear for the royal carriages. At Darniel, about fifteen miles from Badajoz, on the route, a great

crowd had gathered to welcome her majesty, and, unfortunately, a deep fog prevented them from seeing the approach of the train. The pilot-engine was intended to keep on without stopping; but the crowd, supposing that it was the royal train, crowded over the track, expecting the train to stop, and, in consequence some twenty-seven persons were either killed or wounded. This accident cast a deep gloom over the vacation which attended the Queen during the rest of the journey. Her royal highness expressed her deep sympathy with the sufferers by contributing most generously to the families of the killed and wounded.

The French Court at a Performance in the Emperor's Private Theatre at Compiegne.

During the residence of the Emperor at Compiegne, the companies of the various theatres of Paris are invited down in turn to give representations in the Emperor's private theatre. When the theatre is filled with the splendidly dressed ladies of the court, the effect is most brilliant. As will be seen, the parquette is filled by men, and the gallery with ladies. It is a fine sight to be an Emperor, even if to become one does cost a good deal of disregard for one's own conscience and the lives of others.

Costonsey Hall, Norfolk, England.

This seat of the Right Honorable Lord Stafford is in the County of Norfolk, near Norwich, England. Costonsey is, according to the English peculiarities of speech, pronounced "Costonsey." Having been honored by the Prince and Princess of Wales with a visit, attention has been drawn to it, and we reproduce the illustration, showing one of the fine private country-seats of the English aristocracy. The royal manor of Costonsey was granted in 1555 by Queen Mary to Sir Henry Jernegan, her Vice-Chancellor, and the ancestor of the present family. He built the original mansion, which still exists, and forms the nucleus of the present one. It consists of a central hall and porch, facing the east, with wings, flanked by plain, angle turrets, and surmounted by stepped gables; and, though somewhat dilapidated, shows the style of domestic architecture of the period. The new mansion attached to the old hall and the chapel which was added about 1800 was commenced in 1827. Its principal apartments face the south and west. The dining-hall of the old house leads to the library and drawing-room of the new, flanked by the picture-gallery, 108 feet in length. At the western extremity of this gallery stands the tower. The conservatory and a terrace carry the building to the water's edge.

The character of the architecture is preserved in the inside decorations. The state apartments are magnificent. The St. Amand room, so called because it is finished throughout with oak-carvings brought from the dismantled Abbey of St. Amand, near Rouen, France, formed the boudoir of the princess during her visit to Costonsey Park.

Ruins of the Circular Church, Charleston, South Carolina.

This church is one of the most prominent upon Meeting street, one of the most important streets in the city. It is so called from its circular form. Our illustration represents the effect of the bombardment during the war. The shots were generally solid shot, and were thrown by the gun called the Swamp Angel, which was planted upon one of the islands in the harbor, at a distance of almost five miles. The church spire was a conspicuous object even at this distance, the exceeding flat character of the whole Southern coast, in that part of the country, offering no obstruction to the view. The church was principally noticeable for its exceedingly faulty construction as a church. Its arrangement was very bad in an acoustic point of view, producing such a distinct echo that the footsteps of every one entering the church were distinctly reproduced, apparently, upon the other side of the church, while to those unaccustomed to it, the perfect repetition of every word uttered by the minister at the opposite side of the church from the pulpit was most bewildering and annoying. None of the plans proposed for the remedy of this fault seemed able to correct it. Perhaps now, when the church is restored, an alteration in the form of the roof will remedy the fault.

IDA LEWIS.

MISS IDA LEWIS, whose portrait we give this week, is the daughter of Captain Hosea Lewis, who was formerly of the Revenue Service, but is now the keeper of Lime Rock Lighthouse, in the inner harbor of Newport, Rhode Island. The lighthouse is situated on one of the small rocks of limestone in that harbor, and is entirely surrounded by water. Miss Lewis is now about twenty-three, and has resided here about ten years. As the only means of connection with the city of Newport is by water, she early learned the use of oars. When she was about fifteen years of age she rescued four boys from drowning, who had been thrown into the water by the upsetting of their boat near the lighthouse. During the winter of 1855-6, on one of the coldest days of that season, she rescued a soldier belonging to Fort Adams, who was clinging to a skiff, which had upset with him and become full of water. She hauled him out of the water into her own boat, and carried him to the lighthouse. The last heroic feat performed by Miss Lewis is illustrated and described among the incidents in this issue of the *ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*.

Mr. Lewis himself is almost a helpless cripple, from the effects of an attack of paralysis, so that the entire care of the light, for the last four or five years, has devolved upon his daughter and her mother. This charge they have fulfilled in the most perfect manner, no light on the coast being more regular or more perfectly attended to. It is a singular life to imagine, these two women living thus isolated from the rest of the world. The freedom of the life, however, and the constant abundance of stimulating sea air, together with the exercise of rowing to and from the city, have given this young lady a physical strength and a health which makes her richer in all the valuable part of life than many of her sex whose lives are passed in constant repining for something to live for, while surrounded with all the appliances of luxury. That Miss Lewis has also developed an independence of courage is shown by her deeds, which prove also that the isolation of her life has not in any way prevented the development of the tenderness of sympathy with suffering which is supposed to be peculiar to only the helplessness of women. In England there is a humane society, which makes it its duty to reward with gold medals, and frequently with more substantial rewards, any such daring in saving of life. Here it is left only to private enterprise, to attend to such matters, and we would suggest that the present instance would afford a most timely opportunity to begin a society, with objects similar to those of its English predecessor.

THE HONORABLE ROSCOE CONKLING.

THE HONORABLE ROSCOE CONKLING, whose portrait we give in this issue, has just been elected as United States Senator from New York. His father, the Honorable A. Conkling, was Minister to Mexico in 1852, under Mr. Fillmore's administration, and was a Representative from New York in the Seventeenth Congress. He was also a Judge, and is known in legal literature as the author of a treatise on Admiralty. Another of his sons, the Hon. Frederick A. Conkling, the brother of the Senator whose portrait we give this week, was a Representative of this State in the Thirty-seventh Congress. Political separation and political success is there, it will be seen, one of the hereditary claims of Mr. Conkling's family to consideration. The subject of our portrait was born in Albany in 1828, and is, consequently, not quite thirty-nine; he studied law, and in 1849 was appointed District Attorney for Oneida county of this State. In 1858 he was elected Mayor of Utica,

and at the end of his term of office was elected a Representative to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and has served three terms in that body. He is still a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and was also elected to serve a fourth term in the House of Representatives, though now his election as Senator of course nullifies this position. Mr. Conkling's politics identify him with the Republican party, and his previous political course justify the belief that he will ably represent the State in his new position.

AMONG THE LILIES.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

I BOWED her down where the stream-weeds grow—
By the fair cool lilies we knew;
Through the glen where the river ran still and low,
And the lands were lost to view.

I rowed her down, as the sunlight played
With its image on those sweet waters;
Low were the words that the maiden said
By the shore where the stream had brought us.

Long was the kiss when her answer came,
Which the river flowed soft to hear!
Sweet were her eyes as she breathed my name,
As she told me that I was dear.

Lilies of rivers with bells of white—
Never so fair as she—
Close all your petals and weep to-night,
Seeing what you can see!

Maiden for whom I weep long dead,
Blind are thine eyes for ever'
To the blush of the moon, and the sun's deep red,
And the tide of the ceaseless river!

I rowed her back as the twilight closed,
And the swallow her rest was taking—
Beautiful still, though her face reposed
In a slumber that knows no waking!

Lilies afloat on a silver stream!
Tresses of golden sleeping!
Death that has come—like Love—in a dream!
Eyes that are red with weeping!

**Tales of the Bivouac.
THE CAPTORS CAPTURED.**

BY WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

HACKLEY carefully inspected the arms and ammunition of the men who were selected to form the scout, and then gave them full instructions about the road and the supposed position of the enemy, and assigned to each his part of the hazardous enterprise.

He led the way along the road which winds through the valley until he came to the "meadows," when he halted, until a few of the most experienced of his men had crept forward and examined the branch roads which diverge at that place. No indication of the enemy having been discovered, the party proceeded up Grass lane, to the cottage occupied by Farmer Harris. Hackley knocked at the door and was admitted. An old man was seated by the embers of the fire, smoking a large briarwood pipe, and absorbed in his own reveries. He raised his eyes and exclaimed:

"Hackley! Why, where did you come from?"
From Harper's Ferry. I have some comrades with me, and am on a search for a detachment of Moseby's. Some of our boys were captured a day or two since, and we are going to try if we can rescue them. Did they pass this way? Grizzly Jake was with them."

"No; but Snipes was here yesterday, and I judge they are near the main road, this side of Sharpsburg."

"Do you know what their plans are?" inquired Hackley.

"Very nearly."
"Can I induce you to go with us and serve as a guide? Uncle Sam pays well for such service."

Farmer Harris took his pipe hastily from his mouth, and turning suddenly toward Hackley, he gave him a look of scorn.

"I will not do such work for pay," he exclaimed; "but I will go with you for *revenge*, if you will make me a solemn promise that I shall have a chance to shoot that villain."

"Whom do you mean?"
"Edward Fay."

"And who is he?"
"Ah, young man, he is the wolf that stole away my lamb."

"I have heard of Fay, as a daring, gallant fellow; but never knew any worse of him than that he was a guerrilla."

"Young man," said Farmer Harris, "the fairest face is often the most false. When I first knew this wretch, he was mild and gentle as my own Edith. I thought him most amiable and honorable, and I felt always glad to see him when he rode up my lane on his fiery horse. I shall be glad to tell you the sad story, for it will account to you for my conduct in giving to your Government information about my own people. But first make your men comfortable, and then we will smoke our pipes by this old chimney side."

Hackley gave a few instructions to his men, and returned.

For several minutes there was a silence. At length Hackley said:

"Your story, Farmer Harris."

The old man sighed deeply, and after stirring up the embers, he continued:

"Edith was my only child by a woman whose equal for amiability and purity of character is seldom to be found. She died when my daughter was five years old, so that I have been her only protector since that sad event. That I loved her with true devotion and tenderness I need scarcely state. When she reached the age of fifteen, she had become so celebrated for her grace and beauty that she was called the 'Belle of the Valley.' I could not bear the idea that she should have only the education of a plain farmer's daughter,

so I listened to the persuasions of vanity, and sent her to the well-known female school of Madame B——'s, in Baltimore. Ah, my friend, it was a fatal error; for the simple girl became the young lady, and acquired the airs and frivolities of fashionable life as easily as if she had been born. A distant relation of mine resided in that town, and occasionally wrote to me of the progress my daughter was making in her studies, and spoke of her talents in terms of high praise, but often pained me with certain mysterious hints and warnings which I did not understand.

"One autumn, having ended the harvest work, I resolved to visit Baltimore and learn more definitely the cause of my relative's fear. On arriving, I called to see this elderly lady, and questioned her closely regarding Edith.

"This city contains many snares for the unsuspecting," she replied, "and the most dangerous for young girls who are entering that age of romance, early womanhood, are the flatteries of gay gallants. Edith has not escaped. A young gentleman of high family has beset her, and she listens to his professions of attachment with evident pleasure. You may know the family—Fay."

"Yes, I know them well by reputation," I answered; "I have seen young Fay, and have always thought him a good and honorable fellow."

"A hollow shell," she remarked. "He is highly educated, but a residence of three years in Paris destroyed all that was good in his nature, and developed all that was bad. There is not in Baltimore a more profligate young man."

"You alarm me terribly," I said; "but what would you recommend?"

"Take her from school to your old homestead again, and by your kind counsels win her thoughts away from this bad young man, so completely unworthy the affection of any good young woman."

"I will follow your advice; and I accordingly withdrew Edith from the city, and returned with her to this place."

"She was at first surprised at my sudden act; but when I told her the reason and all I had heard, she became sad and tearful. Oh, the villain! to bring grief to one so lovely. She did not complain of her unfortunate condition; but melancholy grew in her face, and the rose faded from her cheek. She was even more gentle and devoted to me than ever; but often, when she thought herself unobserved, I found her in tears.

"It broke the old man's heart, Hackley, to see this blighted flower, and my nature, which had been always mild, became changed, and I thirsted for the blood of the man who had brought such grief to my only child."

"Edith grew more and more sad, and would often take long and lonely walks. I hoped that time would wear away the remembrance of the past, and so I did not appear to observe her conduct."

"You know, of course, how difficult it is to live where I do and not be suspected by our people; sometimes your lines surround me and sometimes ours. My neighbors sometimes hinted that I was closely watched, and the visits which your officers occasionally paid at my house were regarded as encouraged by me for the purpose of giving information of our troops. Their distrust was at first without cause. I received my visitors with civility, in order not to provoke personal enmity; but no one was able to draw from me any information concerning the movements of our forces."

"When Lee approached with his army, your lines were contracted, and I was again in what you call rebel territory. One gloomy Sunday I was seated in this very chair, and Edith was reclining on the lounge near the fire-place; I talked to my darling child of her changed looks and habits, and she replied that she was doing her best to obey me; but the tears gathered in her eyes. Presently she said she would go to the brook, as the air would do her good, and I did not oppose her, for she seemed so meek and subdued. That I feared to place any restrictions on her wishes.

"She had been absent perhaps half an hour when I heard her scream. I seized my gun and rushed out of the house. Scarcely had I left the door when I was surrounded by a dozen of our cavalry and ordered to surrender. I exclaimed: 'My daughter—where is she?' One of the villains replied with a coarse laugh:

"She is well taken care of, and won't trouble you any more."

"What has happened to her?" I asked.

"Oh, Fay has got her, and will put her in a safe place, while we take you to headquarters. I reckon you won't give any more information to the Yankees."

"I never did such a thing!" I exclaimed.

"Of course, you wouldn't say anything else. Give up your gun."

"Tie his arms," said Grizzly Jake, who was one of the number; "he is a d——d traitor, who ought to be hung."

"No," said I, "I won't be tied."

"One of the number struck me on the head with the butt of his pistol—yes, struck me; I became mad—I fought fiercely, and threw two of them on the ground before I was overpowered. I was then tied to a tree, and the ruffians gathered some brush to burn my house. The blaze was already creeping up the trellis when their look-out down the road gave the alarm that horsemen were approaching. They quickly mounted, and had scarcely drawn up in line when they saw a party of blue-coats coming up the road. They fled at once, but not without firing some shots at me, which wounded me, but did no serious injury. It was then, Hackley, that I took an oath of vengeance. I forgot my people, my cause, and swore to kill Fay. I am an old man, but I am still strong. No hand but mine must do the deed."

The eyes of this bereaved parent were terrible in their fury, and as he strode up and down the room he showed a vigor and strength that would

have made him a match for any man in single encounter.

"Your daughter?" I inquired. "Have you not heard of her since that time?"

"No. But that the villain Fay has her in his possession is certain, and I can believe anything bad of him. Hackley, remember, I—I must be the one to kill him."

"I will not forget."

"As soon as the moon sinks," said the old man, "we will cross the meadow, and take the blind road by Smith's farm. About an hour before daylight we will reach the camp we seek, if my judgment is correct."

He then examined with deliberate care his arms, and remained silent for a long time, gazing at the fire. Deep sighs told of his constant grief. Hackley did not disturb him with a continuance of a subject which gave him so much distress.

The moment arrived when, in accordance with the advice of Farmer Harris, the march should be resumed. The utmost caution was used to avoid noise. The sabre scabbards were laid aside, and all parts of the equipments which would jingle or rattle were carefully tied. The guide took the advance, followed in single file by the men.

Farmer Harris showed his accurate knowledge of the by-paths, for he often led the party so near the small and scattered camps of the enemy's scouts that the voices of the men could be distinguished. On reaching a thicket, he made an indication to halt, and proceeded alone to a hut occupied by an old negress. He knocked gently at the door and was admitted.

"Massa Harris, dat you?"

"Yes, aunty. What news up the valley?"

"Lee is going to Williamsport, and the cavalry is all over about here."

"Have you seen Grizzly Jake?"

"Yes, massa: he was here yesterday."

"Where is he now?"

"I reckon he is at the Three Forks."

"Do you know any more about our folks?"

"Dat's all, honey."

"Is the Mud lane clear?"

"It was about an hour ago."

Farmer Harris returned to his companions, and the march was resumed. It was a toilsome one, and rendered tedious by the silence which was necessary. Often, in passing at the base of a small hill, the men dismounted, in order that their heads should not be seen; but the vicinity of the Three Forks was reached without any adventure of an unusual character.

Extreme caution now became of the utmost importance. Farmer Harris kept many paces in advance, in order to observe the way, and, if seen, not to cause alarm. On reaching a turn in the lane which there crossed an open field, he saw a vidette at the opposite side. It was necessary to pass this point, and it required diplomacy to do so without causing an alarm. After a brief consultation with Hackley, he walked forward, and received the challenge:

"Who goes there?"

"Farmer Harris," he replied.

"What are you doing out here at this time of night?"

"I want to give some information

Grizzly Jake, "but I will never be taken alive," and he made a sudden rush to the woods. A few shots followed him, but, of course, missed him. The others seemed undecided as to their course, but the approach of carbine muzzles left them no choice, and the instant for flight had passed. They yielded without resistance, and after having been securely tied together, were taken into the house in order to wait for the remainder of their gang. Our own men were released and armed with the pieces just taken from the guerrillas. One of the outlaws was placed on post with an empty piece in his hands, and instructed to conduct himself as though guarding his own gang. A couple of carbines kept constantly leveled at him through the windows overcame his scruples of conscience, and insured his obedience.

It was not long before five of the picket party approached with the seven prisoners, and were challenged.

The sergeant in charge answered, "friend," and was ordered "to advance with the counter-sign."

"Right!" exclaimed the sentinel, and the entire party advanced to the cottage door. The prisoners were made to enter first, and the five guerrillas immediately followed. They were surprised to find so many persons present, but did not have time to learn the reason before the number was increased by others through the door, who demanded the surrender of the guerrillas.

Soldiers are the same everywhere; it is very seldom they refuse to yield to inevitable fate, and it did not take long to satisfy these desperate men that there was no way to preserve life except by captivity. They gave up their arms and were added to those already tied.

The first excitement having subsided, the attention of Hackley was drawn to a rude bench on which was stretched the form of a young and handsome guerrilla. His face was pallid, and his eyes rolling with pain. Farmer Harris was bending over him with an expression of fiendish exultation which made even those coarse men shudder. The victim was still suffering from the shock, and wandering in his mind.

"Oh, my Edith, must I leave thee!" he exclaimed, between his efforts to breathe.

"Yes, wretch; death is too good for you," whispered Farmer Harris in his ear.

The wounded man turned his eyes to his tormentor.

"You here, Farmer Harris?"

"Yes; and know that this hand sent the bullet through your breast."

"You! you! Oh, you know not what you have done. You have been deceived—you thought me—but I forgive you. Edith is safe—she will tell you—"

"Speak—speak!" said Farmer Harris, becoming suddenly horror-stricken with the idea that perhaps he had acted under a delusion.

"Edith is in Baltimore—I saved her—but for me she would have been"—he swooned from exhaustion.

The old man stood over the unfortunate youth with emotions too conflicting and deep to describe; the fearful thought that he had perhaps shed the blood in vengeance of an innocent man stupefied him, and all the fondness he once had for young Fay came stealing back into his breast like the sound of soft music to the ear.

"Care for him tenderly," he said; "I have been too rash," and leaving the room, he sought to compose his feelings by solitude.

Hackley caused a litter to be hastily constructed, and young Fay was carried upon it. The captors and captives then proceeded in the direction toward the main picket, which was easily overpowered by superior force, and increased the number of prisoners.

The march back to the house of Farmer Harris was made without adventure, and on the following morning the entire party went to Harper's Ferry. Farmer Harris watched incessantly by the side of young Fay, and had the satisfaction to see him slowly recover from his dangerous wound.

LAWYERS AS LITERARY MEN.

SHAKESPEARE's plays abound with testimony that he was no stranger in the legal inns, and the rich vein of legal lore and diction that runs through his writings has induced more judicious critics than Lord Campbell to conjecture that he may, at some early time of his career, have directed his mind to the study, if not the practice, of the law. Amongst Elizabethan writers who belonged to inns may be mentioned George Ferrars, William Lambarde, Sir Henry Spelman, and that luckless pamphleteer, John Stubbs, all of whom were members of Lincoln's Inn; Thomas Sackville, Francis Beaumont the younger, and John Ferne, of the Inner Temple; Walter Raleigh, of the Middle Temple; Francis Bacon, Philip Sidney, George Gascoyne, and Francis Davison, of Gray's Inn. Sir John Denham, the poet, became a Lincoln's Inn student in 1634; and Francis Quarles was a member of the same learned society. John Selden entered the Inner Temple in the second year of James I., where in due course he numbered among his literary contemporaries William Browne, Croke, Oulde, Thomas Gardiner, Dynne, Edward Heywood, John Morgan, Augustus Caesar, Thomas Heygate. Thomas May, dramatist and translator of Lucan's "Pharsalia," William Rough and Rymer were members of Gray's Inn. Sir John Davis and Sir Simonds D'Ewes belonged to the Middle Temple. Massinger's dearest friends lived in the Middle Temple, of which society George Keate, the dramatist, and Butler's stanch supporter William Longueville, were members. Not passed the most jocund hours of his life in Gray's Inn, in which Cleveland and the author of "Hudibras" held the meetings of their club. Wycherley and Congreve, Aubrey and Narcissus Luttrell, were Inns-of-Court men. In later periods we find Thomas Edwards, the critic; Murphy, the dramatic writer; James Mackintosh, Francis Hargrave, Bentham, Curran, Canning, at Lincoln's Inn. The post Copper was a barrister of the Temple. Amongst other Temples of the eighteenth century, with whose names the literature of their time is inseparably associated, were Henry Fielding, Henry Brooke, Oliver Goldsmith, and Edmund Burke. Samuel Johnson resided both in Gray's Inn and the Temple, and his friend Boswell was an advocate of respectable ability, as well as the best biographer on the roll of English writers.

The foregoing are but a few taken from hundreds of names that illustrate the close union of law and literature in times past. To lengthen the list would but weary the reader; and no pains would make a perfect muster-roll of all the literary lawyers and *legal litterateurs* who either are still upon the stage, or have only lately passed away. In their youth four well-known living novelists, Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Charles Dickens, and Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, passed some time in solicitors' offices. Mr. John Oxenford was articled to an attorney, Mr. Theodore Martin resembles the authors of "The Rejected Addresses," in being a successful practitioner in the inferior branch of the law. Mr. Charles Henry Cooper was a successful solicitor. Sir Archibald Alison, Mr. Thomas Chisholm Anstey, Mr. William Edmonstone Aytoun, Mr. Philip James Bailey, Mr. J. N. Ball, Mr. Sergeant Peter Burke, Sir J. B. Burke, Mr. John Hill Burton, Mr. Hans Busk, Mr. Isaac Butt, Mr. George Wigmore Cooke, Sir E. S. Creasy, Dr. Dasent, Mr. John Thaddeus Delane, Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Commissioner Fonblanche, Mr. William Forsyth, Q.C., Mr. Edward Foss, Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Leone Levi, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, Mr. Charles R. ade, Mr. W. Stigant, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. McCullagh Torrens, Mr. M. F. Topper, Dr. Travers, Mr. Samuel Warren, and Mr. Charles Weld were also lawyers. Some of the gentlemen of this list are not merely nominal barristers, but are practitioners, with an abundance of business. Amongst those who either are still rendering, or have rendered good service to literature, occur the names of Sir William A'Beckett, Mr. W. Adams, Dr. Astner, Sir Joseph Arnould, Sir George Bowyer, Sir John Coleridge, Mr. E. W. Cox, Mr. Wilson Gray, Mr. Justice Haliburton, Mr. Thomas Lewin, Mr. Thomas E. May, Mr. J. G. Phillips, Mr. James Fitz-James Stephen, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Mr. James White-side.

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE COCKNEYS.

THE "coming man," who was to set the Thames on fire immediately upon his arrival, has at last made his appearance in London, and his name is Artemus Ward. I do not mean to say that he has played the incendiary, as yet, with that pollard stream, but he has already scattered fireworks all along the banks of it; and if he hasn't exactly set the Thames on fire, certainly he has set all London in an uproar.

Henceforward audacity and A. Ward may be used as synonymous terms. The idea of an American showman crossing the Atlantic in a steamer to bearded old *Punch* in his den might properly be made a *casus belli* by John Bull, who, on the contrary, makes funny faces over it, pulls his nose with his finger and thumb, in a vain endeavor to mold it to the aquiline Artemus-arch, and is going to alter his big old Johnson's Dictionary to the Ward orthographical standard. What does Artemus do the very first thing when he touches London pavement? He goes right straightway to the Hotel de *Punch*, procures an interview with the proprietor by means of his latch-key and revolver, and, wonderful to relate, *Punch* knows Artemus Ward at once, and Artemus knows *Punch*, and



THEY COMPARE NOSES.

And now the scene becomes a very affecting one; the venerable *Punch* flinging himself around the checkered blue and white cravat of the handsome young Ward, and exclaiming, with effusion, "My son! my son! I own you for my son!"

"Hold on, governor, not quite so fast!" says Mr. Ward. "You can't own me for your son, you know, because slavery has been abolished in America, and doesn't exist in England. Do you see the point? Have I made myself plainly understood? Am I not a man and a brother?"

The appeal was successful. Mr. *Punch* acknowledged Artemus for a man and a brother, and, commanding his valet to fetch that gentleman's carpet-bag from the hotel at which he had temporarily put up, insisted upon his making himself quite at home, and occupying the best spare room of the *Punch* mansion, which apartment is henceforth to be known as the "Artemus Ward Room, or American Star Chamber."

Already has London fashionable literature depended much for its success upon bigamy. Ask Miss Braddon about that. Mormonism is going to cut bigamy out, though, now that Mr. Artemus Ward has given the Londoners a glimpse of patriarchal pluralism as practiced in Polygamy. Two to one is no odds, now, in the wife line; it must be thirty by-and-by, or no takers. It is whispered in high circles that a princess has already thrown her crown, watch, purse, and a great quantity of valuable clothes and jewelry, at the



FETE OF ARTEMUS WARD.

but what is one princess, even in a pantomime? The nobility are all rushing after him in gilded coaches with panels painted all over with arms, but no legs. Lord Bateman has offered him his daughter in marriage, and so has Lord Ullin, and a famous novelist is to write a romance about it should Artemus accept them both. Most of the London papers are lavish with their encomiums of Mr. Ward's deportment and personal appearance. One records that he does not articulate through his nose. Likely he doesn't, says an intrepid acrobat, seeing that if he did his words would have a long way to travel. The worst thing said of him by a London writer was that he "realizes a young lady's idea of a poet." That writer must certainly have seen Mr.



ARTEMUS WARD either as he appeared in the "wild attire" of the Turkish bath, or in the brain-pumping operation of writing a paper for *Punch*.

Elizabeth and the Inns of Court.

In costliness and riotous excess the Prince of Purpoole's revel at Gray's Inn was not inferior to any similar festivity in the time of Elizabeth. On the 20th of December, St. Thomas's Eve, the Prince (one Master Henry Holmes, a Norfolk gentleman) took up his quarters in the Great Hall of the Inn, and by the 31 day of January the grandeur and comicality of his proceedings had created so much talk throughout the town that the Lord Treasurer Burghley, the Earls of Cumberland, Essex, Shrewsbury and Westmoreland, the Lords Buckhurst, Windsor, Sheffield, Compton, and a magnificent array of knights and ladies, visited Gray's Inn Hall on that day and saw the masque which the revelers put upon the stage. After the masque there was a banquet, which was followed by a ball. On the following day the Prince, attended by eighty gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Temple (each of the eighty wearing a plume on his head), dined in state with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City at Crosby Place. The frolic continued for many days more; the royal Purpoole on one occasion visiting Blackwall with a splendid retinue, on another (Twelfth Night) receiving a gallant assembly of lords, ladies and knights, at his court in Gray's Inn, and on a third (Shrovetide) visiting the queen herself at Greenwich, when Her Majesty warmly applauded the masque set before her by the actors who were members of the Prince's court. So delighted was Elizabeth with the entertainment, that she graciously allowed the masques to kiss her right hand, and loudly extolled Gray's Inn "as an house she was much indebted to, for it did always study for some sports to present unto her; whilst to the mock Prince she showed her favor, by placing in his hand the jewel (set with seventeen diamonds and fourteen rubies) which he had won by valor and skill in the tournament which formed part of the Shrovetide sports.

Numerous entries in the records of the inns testify to the importance assigned by the old lawyers to their periodic feasts; and though in the fluctuations of public opinion with regard to the effects of dramatic amusements, certain benchers, or even all the benchers of a particular inn, may be found at times disconcerting the custom of presenting masques, the revels were usually diversified and heightened by stage-plays. Not only were interludes given at the high and grand holidays styled *Solemn Revels*, but also at the minor festivities termed "Post Revels" they were usually had recourse to for amusement. "Besides those *solemn revels*, or measures aforesaid," says Dugdale, concerning the old usages of the "Middle Temple," "they had wont to be entertained with Post Revels performed by the better sort of the young gentlemen of the society, with galliards, corantoes and other dances, or else with stage-plays; the first of these feasts being at the beginning, and the other at the later end of Christmas. But of late years these Post Revels have been disused, both here and in the other Inns of Court."

Besides producing and acting some of our best Pre-Shakespearean dramas, the Elizabethan lawyers put upon the stage at least one of William Shakespeare's plays. From the diary of a barrister (supposed to be John Manningham, of the Middle Temple), it is learnt that the Middle Temples acted Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" at the Readers' feast on Candlemas Day, 1601-2. The entry runs thus: "Feb. 2, 1601-(2). At our feast we had a play called 'Twelve Night, or What You Will,' much like the 'Comedy of Errors,' or 'Monechini' in Plantus, but most like, and neare to that in Italian called 'Inganni.' A good practice in it to make the steward believe his widdow was in love with him, by counterfaying a letter as from his lady; in generall terms telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c.; and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad."

In the following reign the masques of the lawyers in no degree fell off with regard to splendor. Seldom had the Thames presented a more picturesque and exhilarating spectacle than it did on the evening of February 20, 1612, when the gentlemen masques of Gray's Inn and the Temple entered the king's royal barge at Winchester House, at seven o'clock, and made the voyage to Whitehall, attended by hundreds of barges and boats, each vessel being so brilliantly illuminated that the lights reflected upon the ripples of the river seemed to be countless. As though the hum and huzzas of the vast multitude on the water were insufficient to announce the approach of the dazzling pageant, guns marked the progress of the revelers, and as they drew near the palace all the attendant bands of musicians played the same stirring tune with uniform time. It is on record that the king received the amateur actors with an excess of condescension, and was delighted with the masque which Master Beaumont, of the Inner Temple, and his friend, Master

Fletcher, had written and dedicated "to the worthy Sir Francis Bacon, his Majesty's Solicitor General, and the grave and learned bench of the anciently-called houses of Grayes Inn and the Inner Temple, and the Inner Temple and Grayes Inn." The cost of this entertainment was defrayed by the members of the two inns—each reader paying £4; each ancient, £2 10s.; each barrister, £2; and each student, 20s.

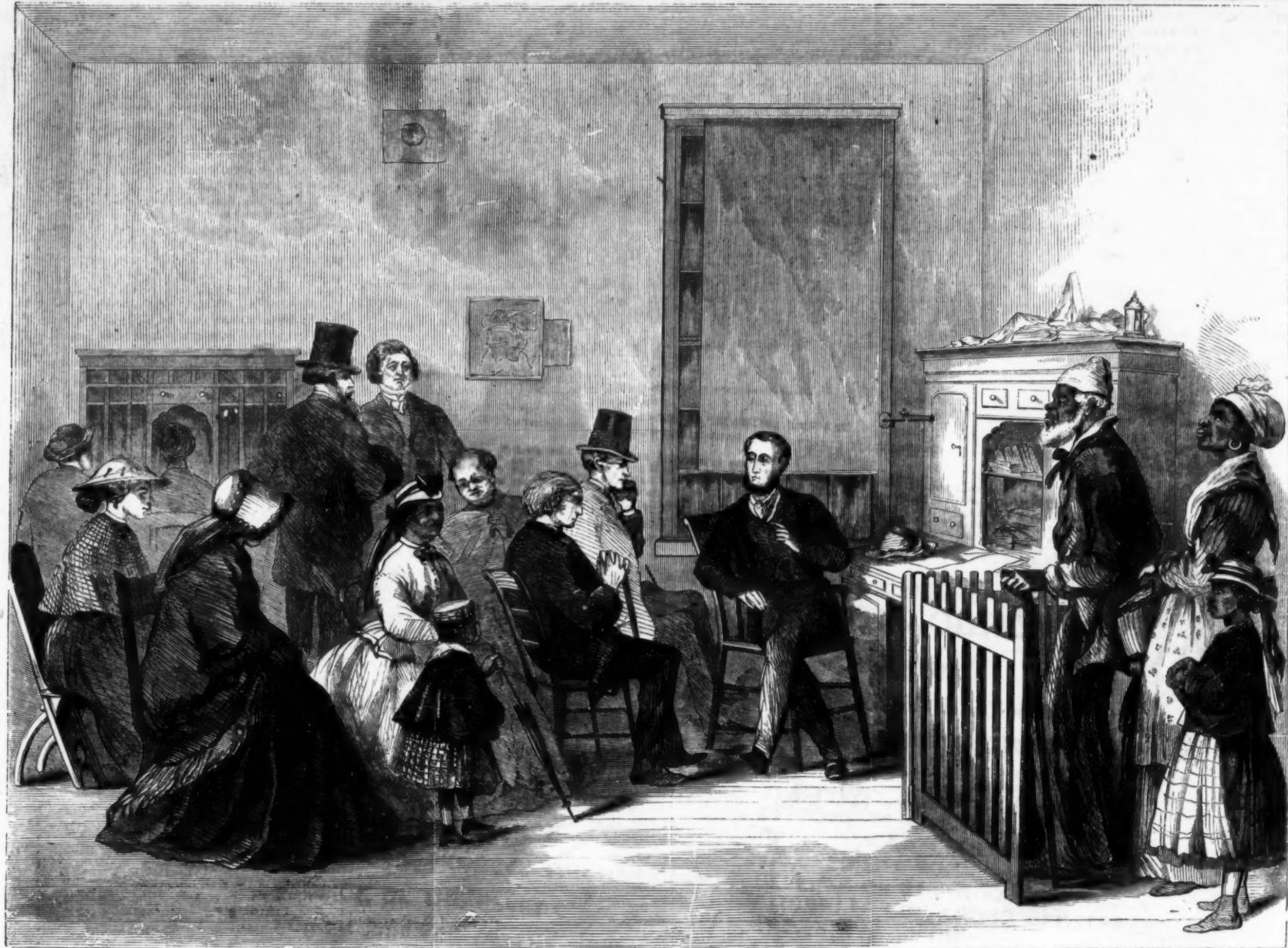
The Inner Temple and Gray's Inn having thus testified their loyalty and dramatic taste, in the following year, on Shrove-Tuesday night (February 15, 1613), Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, with no less splendor and *clad*, enacted, at Whitehall, a masque written by George Chapman. For this entertainment Inigo Jones designed and perfected the theatrical decorations in a style worthy of an exhibition that formed part of the festivities with which the marriage of the Palgrave with the Princess Elizabeth was celebrated. And though the masques went to Whitehall by land, their progress was not less pompous than the procession which had passed up the Thames in the February of the preceding year. Having mustered in Chancery Lane, at the official residence of the Master of the Rolls, the actors and their friends delighted the town with a gallant spectacle. Mounted on richly-capsomed and mettlesome horses, they rode from Fleet street up the Strand, and by Charing Cross to Whitehall, through a tempest of enthusiasm. Every house was illuminated, every window was crowded with faces, on every roof men stood in rows, from every balcony bright eyes looked down upon the gay scene, and from basement to garret, from kennel to roof-top throughout the long way, deafening cheers testified, whilst they increased, the delight of the multitude. Such a pageant would, even in those sober days, rouse London from her cold propriety. Having thrown aside his academic robe, each masquer had donned a fantastic dress of silver cloth, embroidered with gold lace, gold plate and ostrich plumes. He wore across his breast a gold baldric, round his neck a ruff of white feathers, brightened with pearls and silver-lace, and on his head a coronal of snowy plumes. Before each mounted masquer rode a torch-bearer, whose right hand waved a scourge of flame instead of a leathern thong. In a gorgeous chariot, preceded by a long train of heralds, were exhibited the *dramatis personae*—Honor, Plutus, Eunomia, Phemeis, Capriccio—arrayed in their appointed costumes; and it was rumored that the golden canopy of their coach had been bought for an enormous sum. Two other triumphal cars conveyed the twelve chief musicians of the kingdom, and these masters of melody were guarded by torch-bearers, marching two deep before and behind, and on either side of the glittering carriages. Preceding the musicians rode a troop of ludicrous objects, who roused the derision of the mob, and made fat burghers laugh till tears ran down their cheeks. They were the mock masques, each resembling an ape, each wearing a fantastic dress that heightened the hideous absurdity of his monkey's visage, each riding upon an ass or small pony, and each of them throwing shells upon the crowd by way of a largess. In the front of the mock masque, forming the vanguard of the entire spectacle, rode fifty gentlemen of the Inns of Court, reining high-bred horses, and followed by their running footmen, whose liveries added to the gorgeous magnificence of the display.

Beside the expenses which fell upon individuals taking part in the play, or procession, this entertainment cost the two Inns £1,086 8s. 1d. About the same time Gray's Inn, at the instigation of Attorney General Sir Francis Bacon, performed "The Masque of Flowers" before the lords and ladies of the court, in the banqueting-house, Whitehall; and six years later Thomas Middleton's "Inner Temple Masque, or Masque of Heroes," was presented before a goodly company of grand ladies by the Inner Temples.

MADAME SAQUI, the rope-dancer, whose fame dates from the beginning of this century, died recently in her eightieth year. It is recorded of her that on the occasion of the birth of the First Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, she offered to dance on a rope between the two towers of Notre Dame. Napoleon refused to allow the exhibition. Subsequently she appeared, in defiance of the Emperor's prohibition, on her rope, in the midst of a display of fireworks—a fest then novel and one which excited the utmost astonishment. When she heard that the Emperor was in great rage at his command having been disobeyed, she said: "Tell him to give orders to his grenadiers, and let us risk our lives as we like, for 'our glory'." She made a large fortune at the little theatre on the Boulevard du Temple, which for many years bore her name, and afterward became the Delaessennes Comiques, and then purchased with her savings Voltaire's house and grounds at Ferney, but was very soon obliged to sell it, and during the latter years of her life was in great poverty. Only four years ago she danced at the Hippodrome, where, at the age of seventy-six, it was a wondrous but sorry sight to see her.

LARGE INCOMES.—Many persons like to know—and there are some who do not—what sums of money royalty and other high personages receive yearly to keep up that state and dignity for which England is so remarkable. Her Majesty's Privy Purse has yearly £365,000; the Prince of Wales, £40,000; the Princess of Wales, £10,000; the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000; the Princess Royal, £8,000; the Princess Maud Mary, £6,000; the Duchess of Cambridge, £6,000; the Princess Mary of Cambridge, £3,000; and the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schweritz, £3,000. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has £20,000; the Lord Chancellor, the two Lords Justices of Appeal, and the Master of the Rolls, £6,000 each; the three Vice-Chancellors have £5,000 each; the Chief and Puisne Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, about £3,000; of the Common Pleas and Exchequer, £2,700; and the Judge of the Probate Court, £5,000; the Assistant-Judge, £1,200; the Speaker of the House of Commons, £6,200; the Comptroller-General, £2,000.

HOW TO GET OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.—A gentleman who owned extensive estates, and was a considerable personal celebrity, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take his leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the countess, "that you are to marry my daughter L——. What shall we do? what shall we say about it?" "Oh," quietly responded the considerate gentleman, "just say she refused me."



A PEEP AT THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU OFFICE OF LIEUT. S. MERRILL, SUPERINTENDENT THIRD DISTRICT.

WINTER SPORTS—RABBIT-SNARING.

Our illustration shows one of the winter sports, which is fun to the boys, but death to the rabbits. Mr. William Howitt, in England, utters, almost every year, a protest against the cruelty of the English mode of snaring rabbits, or hares, as they are called there, which keeps them in a suspense of torture until the trap is visited. The arrangement we show here has, at least, the merit of killing the animal as soon as possible.

The Freedmen's Bureau Office of Lieutenant J. Merrill, at Richmond, Va.

Our illustration represents the officer of the Freedmen's Bureau engaged in settling the difficulties which have arisen between the Freedmen and their employers. Such cases are of constant occurrence. It is, of course, hard for the masters to recognize the rights of those who, a few years before, had no rights which they were bound to respect. It is the most difficult thing in the world to either give or receive justice, nor

can a proper conception of what the term means be expected to be the growth of a day. Time only can bring the various classes of the South to a condition in which they shall mutually respect each other's rights and destroy the necessity for the existence of the Freedmen's Bureau. Now it is an absolute necessity for all parties.

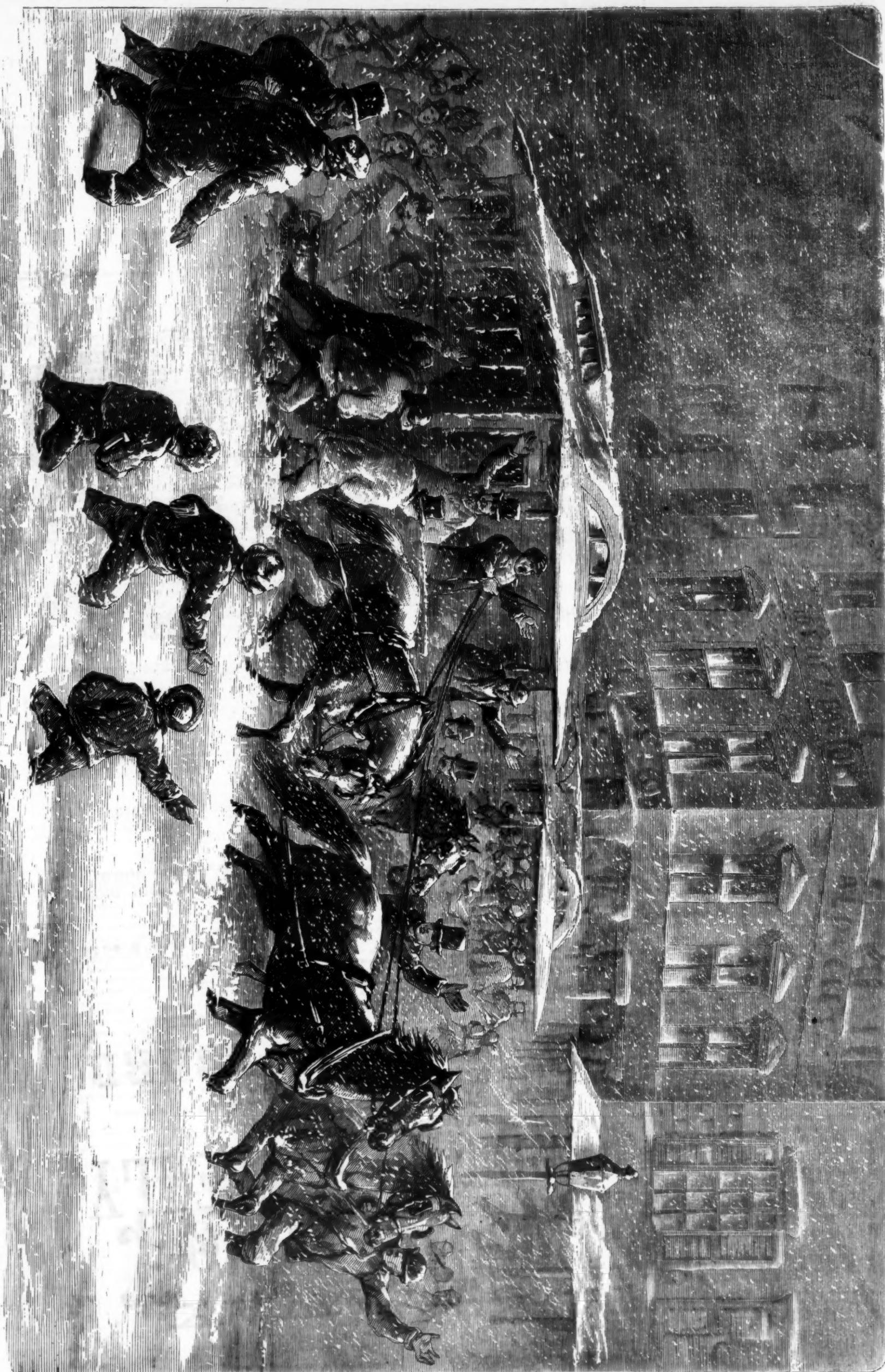
The City Railroads in the Snow-Storm of January 17th, 1867.

Our illustration shows the difficulties of

city travel, caused by the severe snow-storm, which is said to surpass in extent anything we have had for years. It is evident that cities and city railroads were not originally embraced in the economy of nature. When, however, by the progress of science, we learn how to regulate the condition of the atmosphere, we will prevent all snow-storms in the streets, where there are no crops grown that require protection from the winter's cold. Until these halcyon days, however, we must make up our minds to support as we best may the inconveniences resulting from snow in the city.



WINTER SPORTS IN THE COUNTRY—SNARING RABBITS.



THE SNOW BLOCKADE OF THE CITY RAILWAYS ON THE MORNING OF THE 17th OF JANUARY.

COME BACK.

BY EBEN E. BEXFORD.

Come from the hillside, darling; the sun is going down
Behind the clouds that linger within the far-off West;
Come back to me, my darling, and lay your tresses brown,
Just as you used to, long ago, upon my tired breast.

Come back to me, my darling, and kiss my fading cheek
Just as you used to, long ago, in that glad summer time;
My heart would burst out singing if I could hear you speak
The words you used to speak to me, as sweet as poet's rhyme.

Come back to me, my lost one; my heart is out of tune,
I cannot sing the olden songs we sang together then;
Ah me! my heart will sing no more as in that golden June,
Unless you come, my darling, to mend its strings again.

Come back to me, my darling, and kiss away my tears,
And sing some quaint old ballad to soothe my soul to rest;
No one has sang to me since then through all the weary years,
No one has held my aching heart since then upon their breast.

Come back to me, my lost one, for I am all alone:
And I am tired of living without your tender smile.
You cannot know, my darling, how long the days have grown,
Come back to me, my loved one, but for a little while.

Ah me! I am forgetting! They laid you down, to rest
For ever, on the hillside where snow-white daisies bloom;
The sods grow green in summer upon my darling's breast—
My heart is dark for ever with loneliness and gloom.

MY STEPMOTHER.

CHAPTER II.—IN THE BALCONY.

I did not sleep in peace, however, for my room, in the wing of the house, was opposite our guest's, his windows were open, his curtains undrawn, and for an hour I saw him busily writing in his notebook, occasionally sitting with suspended pen as if in deep thought, and more than once he rose suddenly and went walking to and fro, apparently disturbed at something. At the half clock struck twelve, he threw down his pen and came out upon the balcony, which ran round both the main house and the wing. Descending the steps that led to the garden, he paced slowly along the flowery paths, looking, to my girlish eyes, very like some Eastern enchanter, gathering magic plants by night, for he wore a long loose robe de chambre, and the moonlight plainly showed the Oriental outline of his face, framed in dark hair and beard. He pulled a handful of roses from the tree he planted, sat a moment in the half-ruined summer-house where we used to play together, and dipped his hand in the little fountain, whose cool splash was the only sound that broke the silence of the night. I watched him curiously, longing to run out and join him, but, being a child no longer, I dared not; and when he passed noiselessly along the balcony, on his return, I shrank behind my curtains, fearing to be seen. Anxious to discover if he had returned to his writing, I peeped out a moment after he had passed. He had not gone in, but stood close by, as if enjoying a sudden waft of wind that blew up the valley. I made no sound in moving, uttered no exclamation when I saw him, but was startled by hearing him say, quietly, without moving:

"Not asleep yet, Grace?"

"I never sleep well when the moon shines and ghosts are about—nor you either, it seems," I answered, popping out my head again.

He turned then, and came to lean on the balustrade, opposite, as if in the mood for a moonlight interview.

"You know whoever speaks to a ghost is obliged to answer its questions. Shall we have a comfortable little gossip, and talk ourselves sleepy?" he asked, inquiringly.

"Mamma would say it was dreadfully improper; so I think I will. It seems like the happy old times, when I was a naughty child, and you always came to comfort me while I was doing penance for my little sins. Do you remember, Van?"

"I remember."

He paused a moment, looking down at the flowers he held, then looked up, and said, abruptly, with a nod toward the window of my stepmother's room:

"Now tell me about her."

"That's not so easy; but I'll try, for I do want you to know how things are, and I may never have a better time. Sit on the step of the window, for I must speak low, because these walls have ears. Papa was very lonely when you went away, after mamma died. I was sent to old nurse, and the house was so forlorn he could not stay in it, but went to town. There he met madam, and she fascinated him. He married her, hoping to make a happy home for me; but it never was—it never can be. She did not want me here, and persuaded papa that I was better with nurse; so I was kept away from him a greater

part of seven long years. He learned to love Clara best, for she took my place, and was a charming contrast to me, because I was always feeble and shy, she always rosy and gay. He seemed to forget me, and I should have lost him entirely if old Hester had not sent for him, as she lay dying, and made him feel how he was wronging me."

"Lower your voice a little and keep calm," said Damer, watching my excited face with compassionate interest, for the moon shone full upon us.

"Let them hear! they hate me, and I wish they'd show it openly, for I abominate deceit," I answered, hotly, as my heart swelled with recollections of long years of coldness and neglect.

"Why hate you, Grace?"

"Because papa took me home, and was so full of remorse that he reproached her and lavished all his love on me. Oh! Van, I was so happy then! But it did not last long, for papa died that year. They never can forgive him because he left me all my mother's fortune as well as most of his, and bade me care for those two people if they ever needed more than his generous gifts supplied."

"Ah, I see, dependence is bitter, and you are in the way," he said, musing.

"Yes, they wish me dead, and I'd gladly die if I could; it is so hard to lead a life like mine, without love, or care, or anything to make me happy."

Here I sobbed against my will, for the sight and sympathy of my old friend thawed my heart and made me long to pour out all my troubles.

"Hush, dear, and have patience; this life will not last long," and as he spoke Damer laid a kind hand on my bent head.

"That is my only comfort. I know I can't live long, and I'm glad of it, for—"

"Who told you that?" he demanded, suddenly.

"No one in words, but I read it in people's faces; I hear it in the tones of mamma's voice when she says 'I'm a frail creature' and calls me 'poor child.' I see it in Clara's eyes as she watches me as I sit apart while she sings and dances and enjoys life as young girls should. I feel it in the dull ache at my heart, the weariness and loneliness that never leaves me. I'm not afraid to die, and I'm glad, very glad to see you first, because I know you'll stay with me and help me, won't you, Van?"

"I'll stay with you while you live, and help you, God willing."

He held my cold hand in both his warm ones for a moment, and I felt comforted. Presently he said:

"Tell me about it."

"About what?"

"Your malady."

"Mamma has done that already," and I drew my hand away while the old feeling of annoyance returned four-fold.

"She has told me very little; If I am to help you, I must understand your case. Will you tell me, like a docile patient?"

"I'm never docile. If you are a good physician, you can understand without my tiring myself with recounting my ailments. You have studied in the East and ought to be very wise: now give me a sample of your skill."

"Very well, here is your case in words which you can comprehend: You sleep ill and dream vivid dreams; you have little appetite; are tired, yet restless, nervous and capricious; spirits variable, temper irritable. You are easily excited; feverish at night, languid in the morning, often sad, seldom hopeful, and always suffering from ennui. Am I right, so far?"

"Yes, but mamma told you these things, so it's no proof of skill."

"She told me nothing of the sort."

"Then what was she saying all that time?"

"Never mind now. Will you let me prescribe for you, or are you tired of doctors and their doses?"

"I've had neither, so the novelty will amuse me. What do I need?"

"Society, exercise and a little medicine which I will give you."

He smiled to himself as if well pleased at something, and I felt encouraged, I knew not why.

"Give me some wonderful potion that will make me forget."

"Forget what?"

And the smile vanished as Damer looked deep into my eyes as he put the question with a frown.

I did not answer, for the words had passed my lips involuntarily, and though I wished them unsaid, I had not the courage to explain them, for the little tragedy of my life was still too fresh in my memory to make confession possible, even to my one friend. I turned my head away to hide the color that would rise and deepen in my cheeks, and tried to seem unconscious of his question. He did not repeat it, but said with a curious undertone of resolution in his quiet voice:

"I have an ancient and potent medicine which I will give you, for it has worked wonderful cures, and is exactly suited to your case, I think."

"Now it is my turn to question, may I?" I said, anxious to change the subject.

"Try it."

His face cleared, and he looked so like the boy Van, as he nodded and smiled at me, that I felt at ease again.

"Why did you come out to roam about in this romantic style?"

"Because I could not sleep, and had a fancy to revisit some of my old haunts."

"What are the flowers for—magic philters like Nourmahal's in 'Lallah Rookh'?"

"You may think so if you like, for to-morrow I shall begin the new medicine, and moonlight and roses are among its ingredients."

"How charming! I know it will do me good. But I want to ask another question, and I know you'll answer it, because you never used to refuse me anything."

"As inquisitive and wheedlesome as ever. Well, what is it?"

He looked amused, yet a little anxious also, I thought, but I had no fear, and boldly asked:

"What were you writing in that book with a lock on it?"

"When?"

And his eyes went from my face to his window opposite.

"Just now. If you don't draw your curtains I can't help seeing you. Tell me what it was, please?"

"I was only noting down a case I have on hand. That's not romantic, is it?"

There was a satirical accent in his voice, and an impenetrable expression on his face that would have silenced most people, but I was ready with another question.

"Is it an interesting case?"

"Very, to me."

"Tell me about it; I like such things."

"Impossible! Physicians and priests must not betray the confidences reposed in them."

"Is it the case of a young person?"

"Yes."

"Is it a dangerous case?"

"Decidedly."

"Will the patient die?"

"Not if I can keep him alive."

"Him! Is it a man?"

"Yes."

He laughed at my disappointed face, for I thought of myself, and was quite at fault now. To be revenged upon him for the laugh, I said, suddenly:

"When are you going to show us Mrs. Damer?"

"In the autumn."

"Is she English?"

"No."

"Indian?"

"Half and half."

"I know it's that Miss Sterling, though you pretended it was not: and I think that is her picture which I see round your neck. I wish you'd show it to me, and make me your little confidante again."

I had only caught the glitter of a chain under his loosened collar, but an involuntary gesture of his hand confirmed my suspicion, and roused within me a most unaccountable dislike to Miss Sterling.

"I'll show it to you before I go," he said, looking down into the garden, with a shadow on his face.

"And tell me all about it?"

"Everything, if you care to hear. But what is it, Grace? Where are the smiles gone, and the willful air that becomes you so well?"

"I'm tired now, and must go in; night-air is bad for me, and I wonder that Dr. Damer allows his patient to be so imprudent," was my ungracious reply.

"You accept me as your physician, then? Very good; I shall begin to-morrow, and demand my fees when you are cured. Good-night, again, patient."

"Good-night, doctor."

"No; say Van; it is so long since I have heard it."

"I prefer not; that name belongs to Miss Sterling now, and I shall call you Dr. Damer."

"But Miss Sterling never said Van—no one does but you; so why not keep the old name to please me?"

"What is her name?"

"Nadine, if 'her' means Miss Sterling."

"What an ugly name! Are you going, doctor?"

"Not yet; I am very comfortable here."

"Mamma is looking out from behind her curtains!"

"Is she? Then I'll bow to her."

"Don't tease me; I am tired, and cold, and want to—"

"Cry a little. I'd rather you slept. Shall I make you?"

"If you can."

"Open your lips."

I did so; and taking a tiny silver case from his pocket, he put a delicately flavored lozenge on my tongue. It dissolved instantly, and I fancied that would be the end of it, but something in Damer's face made me say, with all my former cordiality:

"Thank you, Van."

"Now I am satisfied," he said, and laying the flowers on my lap, he drew down the window, and vanished as noiselessly as he came.

The curtains were hardly drawn before his windows when my door opened, and my stepmother's stern voice uttered my name in the tone that always set my nerves jarring and roused my temper.

"Well!" was my impatient answer, as I settled the flowers in a little vase standing on the table near me.

"I am not surprised at your conduct, but I am shocked to find you so wanting in maidenly modesty after all I have said to you about your free manners and the ill-natured remarks they occasion," went on the irritating voice, as my stepmother stood tall and white in the doorway.

"What have I done now?" I said, with a yawn.

"There is no need of my telling you or of your making the foolish excuse that Dr. Damer knew you twelve years ago. You are a woman now, and should behave like one, else you will forfeit the respect of all who know you."

"Not Van's respect; he understands me too well for that; and as for talking with an old friend in the moonlight, I don't think that half so unmaidenly as flirting late in the garden with a person you never saw but once, as Clara did only yesterday when that disagreeable Captain Upshur dined here and sang loud songs in the arbor till past eleven."

"You are no judge of Clara's conduct, and I forbid you to criticize it. Dr. Damer is a more dangerous man than Captain Upshur, and therefore—"

"How do you know, when this is the first time you ever saw him?" I broke in, much disturbed,

"I have means of knowing many things which do not reach your ears, and I will not allow you to endanger your health and reputation by things of this sort."

"Then you must lock me up," I began, dejectedly.

"I most assuredly will, if there is no other way of preventing a repetition of the Sebastian affair."

"Stop!" I cried, springing up. "How dare you speak of that, when I implored you never to recall it, and you promised to spare me?"

I was trembling with a deeper emotion than anger, and my manner warned my stepmother to proceed no further.



MR. CAUDLE CALLED FROM HIS BED TO BAIL MR. PRETTYMAN FROM THE WATCH-HOUSE.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE FOURTH LECTURE.—MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN CALLED FROM HIS BED TO BAIL MR. PRETTYMAN FROM THE WATCH-HOUSE.

"YES, Mr. Caudle, I knew it would come to this. I said it would, when you joined those precious Skylarks. People being called out of their beds at all hours of the night, to bail a set of fellows who are never so happy as when they're leading sober men to destruction. I should like to know what the neighbors will think of you, with people from the police knocking at the door at two in the morning? Don't tell me that the man has been ill-used; he's not the man to be ill-used. And you must go and bail him! I know the end of that: he'll run away, and you'll have to pay the money. I should like to know what's the use of my working and slaving to save a farthing, when you throw away pounds upon your precious Skylarks. A pretty cold you'll have to-morrow morning, being called out of your bed this weather; but don't you think I'll nurse you—not I; not a drop of gruel do you get from me."

"I'm sure you've plenty of ways of spending your money—not throwing it away upon a set of dissolute peace-breakers. It's all very well for you to say you haven't thrown away your money, but you will. He'll be certain to run off; it isn't likely he'll go upon his trial, and you'll be fixed with the bail. Don't tell me there's no trial in the matter, because I know there is; it's for something more than quarreling with the policeman that he was locked up. People aren't locked up for that. No, it's for robbery, or something worse, perhaps."

"And as you've bailed him, people will think you are as bad as he is. Don't tell me you couldn't help bailing him; you should have shown yourself a respectable man, and have let him been sent to prison."

"Now people know you're the friend of drunken and disorderly persons, you'll never have a night's sleep in your bed. Not that it would matter what fell upon you, if it wasn't your poor wife who suffered. Of course all the business will be in the newspapers, and your name with it. I shouldn't wonder, too, if they give your picture as they do the other folks of the Old Bailey. A pretty thing that, to go down to your children. I'm sure it will be enough to make them change their name. No, I shall not go to sleep; it's all very well for you to say, go to sleep, after such a disturbance. But I shall not go to sleep, Mr. Caudle; certainly not."

"Her will, I have no doubt," says Caudle, "was strong; but nature was stronger, and she did sleep; this night inflicting upon me a remarkably short lecture."

KATHERINE DE LORME.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

"—For you are called plain Kate, And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst, But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom." —Shakespeare.

KATHERINE DE LORME was a haughty, handsome girl, heiress to a fortune of thirty thousand dollars, and to a temper which might of itself have cured her namesake of Padua without the assistance of Petruchio. Many bitter tears fair Katherine had shed in consequence of that dire temper of hers; for, by the means of it, she had lost many dear friends; and said and done many things on one day which she would have given much to unsay and undo on the next. Many times had she promised her own heart to subdue it, and as many times had she forgot the promise, for she had been a spoiled child from infancy, and the faults nurtured for twenty years are not to be overcome in a day, or a year, or by promises made to-day and broken to-morrow.

On obtaining her majority and coming into possession of her wealth Miss De Lorme had many suitors; but despite her beauty, her accomplishments, her money, few, out of the many, ever summoned up courage enough to ask her to change her name for that of a husband; and of

into his chair again, and did not address her half a dozen times during the evening.

In spite of herself, this conduct on the part of Mr. Norwood piqued her, and she could not choose but admire the courtly politeness with which he spoke on the few occasions he addressed her, and the respectful attention with which he received her remarks.

Before retiring for the night, Kate had already secretly acknowledged that she stood rather in awe of her friend's stately brother. When she was alone, she was annoyed with herself for the impression which she had permitted a stranger to make upon her during a single evening, and she declared angrily to herself that her heart was not to be so easily won. This did not prevent her donning her most becoming wrapper in the morning, however, and it may be supposed that the extreme care which she bestowed on the rich mass of fine brown hair gathered back from her brow was not solely in honor of Mrs. Chalmers, nor yet of her husband.

Day after day went by in a sort of pleasing monotony. Kate found herself rising every morning at six o'clock, and every forenoon bathing in the clear little lake not a hundred yards from the house; and she saw the roses bloom more freshly on her fair round cheeks than they had bloomed since her first season at Newport. She was glad to see it, and still more glad to see that Mr. Norwood evidently admired her, but in a respectful, distant manner, that sometimes provoked her almost as much as it pleased her. It was so different from the silly flattering and fulsome devotion to which she had been accustomed; true, it was very different, and that was why she liked it so well. But then there were times that she wished it would at least express itself in words, however quiet and guarded the words might be.

Thus far Miss De Lorme's unfortunate temper had been much like that of other mortals; but it was destined that he whose good opinion she now valued above all others was to see an exhibition of it impossible for him soon to forget. A boating-party on the lake had been arranged for a certain evening when the moon was expected to be particularly favorable, and Kate, with a light heart—for Mr. Norwood had been almost unmistakable in his manner to her that day—was preparing for the moonlight sail, and anxiously waiting for words that would surely be spoken that evening. As she turned from the glass she was conscious that she looked unusually handsome, and with a strong effort she refrained from any expression of impatience when she found that her linen boating-dress had not come from the laundry. She even smiled softly to herself, so anxious was she to bear a smooth brow all that evening, and hastily enveloping herself in a loose wrapper, she stepped out on the landing and called to the girl to bring her boating-dress.

"I am sorry it isn't better done, miss," explained the girl, as she carried it to Miss De Lorme. "The irons got cold, and knowing you were in a hurry, I thought I wouldn't build a fire to heat them again."

Miss De Lorme glanced at the dress; she was determined to show no displeasure, but the sight of the rough, almost rumpled skirt, was too much for her forced patience.

"Is that what you call ironed? You lazy, idle, good-for-nothing girl!" she exclaimed, snatching the dress and rolling it into a ball, which she flung in the girl's face. "Take it away, I tell you, and don't let me see it again till it is as well smoothed and free from wrinkles as Miss Markham's and Mrs. Chalmers's. You had time enough and hot irons in plenty to do their dresses properly. Be off, I tell you, and take it out of my sight!" she added violently, stamping her foot at the astonished servant, who had as yet made no movement to go; and then, without waiting to see that her order was obeyed, she turned and uttered an exclamation of dismay and terror.

Mr. Norwood was standing directly before her; his face wearing an expression of almost horrified surprise, and his fine eyes blazing with scorn. He had evidently seen and heard all; and Kate, as she realized that this was so, covered her face with her hands and burst into passionate tears; she then flew past him, and entering her room, locked the door and paced the floor in a transport of grief and mortification.

"Oh, what have I done?" she cried, wildly wringing her hands. "He despises me—he scorns me—I saw it in his face! I have lost him for ever—I have lost him for ever!"

"Come, Kate! We are all ready!" called Carrie from the other side of the door on which she was keeping up a brisk tapping with her gloved fingers. "Come, dear—we have been waiting for you."

"Wait no longer, then—I'm not going—I'm not well!" she answered. "There's no use entreating, Carrie; run away, there's a good girl—I can't go, and I won't go, but that's no reason I should keep you. I hope you may have a pleasant time. Good-by!"

"If you will be so hateful, of course, I can't make you go," Carrie returned, well knowing from past experience how useless it would be to argue with her cousin; "so good-by to you," and she hurried away to join Mrs. Chalmers, and her husband and brother.

Kate had the mortification of watching Mr. Norwood walk off, gayly chatting with Carrie and smiling upon her as if unconscious of the existence of any such person as Miss De Lorme; and the sight increased a hundred times the disgust and remorse for her unworthy temper.

"What will become of me?" she thought; "this dreadful temper will be the ruin of me. Oh, Jack! Jack! can it be that I have lost you for ever? I will do anything—abase myself in any manner—I will openly apologize to the girl—anything to regain his respect whom I love and honor above all other men."

Miss De Lorme was as good as her word. At the breakfast-table the following morning she

apologized to the girl; and in a few gentle, kindly words regretted that she should have been so angry, and begged her to accept the dress as a token that she would forget all about it. She could not see how Mr. Norwood regarded this *amende*, for he held the morning paper close before his face; but if she was to judge by his treatment of her whether she was reinstated in good opinion, the symptoms were far from favorable. He took no more notice of her than courtesy absolutely demanded; but devoted himself exclusively to Carrie.

The days passed and grew into weeks; and there was still no return to the former relations between them. Miss De Lorme was much changed. Her voice was always low-pitched and gentle, and her manner so meek that the very servant whom she had berated might have turned upon her without awakening sufficient indignation to bid her be more respectful.

"I can stand it no longer!" said Miss De Lorme, at last. "He loves Carrie. May she make him so happy as I would have tried to make him."

That same evening she declared her intention of returning home to make ready for a trip to Europe.

"I think I shall return, for a year, to Europe, Miss De Lorme," said Norwood, finding her alone in the garden, where she was plucking a few of the last blossoms of the fading summer. "Will you not let me make the trip with you, Katherine?"

Miss De Lorme looked up almost in terror.

"Do you not love Carrie?" she gasped.

"As my cousin—will you not help me to that relationship?"

"But, Jack—my dreadful temper—can you forgive so grave a fault?"

"I cannot find a trace of that same dreadful temper whose first appearance I must confess terrified me. But even should it return, I will invent some cunning way to exorcise it; and I have already learned that it is but a word, and tears, repentance, and gentleness quickly following—I have seen your true heart, Kate."

"Oh, bless you a thousand times, Jack, for these words. Believe me, my true love for you is the exorciser, and when it fails to subdue me I will be ready to give you up again to Carrie."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A COUNTRY doctor, going on foot to visit a patient in a neighboring village, took a gun to amuse himself on the road. A peasant met him, and asked him whether he was going?

"To see a patient."

"Are you afraid of missing him?" was the next inquiry.

A YANKEE and a Frenchman owned a pig in partnership. When killing-time came they wished to divide the carcass. The Yankee was anxious to divide so that he could get both hindquarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it, on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back, and the Frenchman asked:

"Vich piece vil you have? Ze piece vid te tail on him, or ze piece vat isn't got no tail on?"

"The piece with the tail!" shouted the Yankee, instantly.

"Len, by gar, you take him, and I take no oder," said the Frenchman.

Upon turning around the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth.

Mr. PULLUP, coming home late, "pretty full," finds the walking very slippery, and he exclaims: "V—v—very singular; wh—whenever water freezes it alius tr—freezes with the sl—slippery side up! Singular!"

A THICK-HEADED squire, being worsted by the Reverend Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming:

"If I had a son who was an idiot, I would make him a parson."

"Very likely," said Sydney; "but I see your father had a different opinion."

It is said that Andrew Johnson's application for a life insurance was recently refused on the ground that the company could not make out his policy.

LORD NOETH, who was not fond of scientific music, being asked to subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, refused.

"But your lordship's brother, the Bishop of Winchester, subscribes," urged the applicant.

"If I were as dear as he I would subscribe too," was the reply.

A YOUNG couple had been married by a Yankee, and after the ceremony he remarked to the husband:

"Friend, thou art at the end of thy troubles."

A few weeks after the man came to the good minister boiling over with rage (his wife was a regular vixen).

"I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles."

"So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

A FRENCH journal tells the following story about a lady:

"When I was first married I was on my knees before my husband from morning till night. It was perfect adoration and incessant delirium, an inexpressible bliss. I showered caresses upon him; I could have eaten him."

"And now?" asked a friend.

"I am sorry I didn't."

A CLERGYMAN being deposed from his ministry for holding certain heretical opinions, said it would cost a hundred men their lives. This alarming speech being reported, he was taken before a magistrate and examined, when he explained himself by saying his meaning was, he intended to practice physic.

"COME here, my little boy," said one of our teachers to a youngster upon his first entering school.

"Do you know your A, B, C's?"

"Yes," said the youngster, "I know a bee sees."

Why is John Morrissey like Daniel Webster? Because he is a great ex-pounder.

It is thought a dangerous thing to board a man-of-war; "but we have known," says an exchange, "fifty soldiers, each a man of war, boarded by a single landlord—but he was a host."

POOR Maximilian is between the horns of a dilemma, and doesn't perform well on the French horn.

BEER fills many a bottle; the bottle fills many a bier.

ADVICE HOW TO KILL TIME.—Shoot every day.

Why is John Morrissey like the Red Sea? Because he is death on fire.

BURIAL OF A SUICIDE AT NIGHT.

An English paper describes the following scene, which shows at once the barbarity of what are called the good old times, and the stupid maintenance of customs, whether good, bad or indifferent, which the English pride themselves on, under the impression that it is conservatism:

"For the first time within a quarter of a century Norwood Cemetery was last midnight the scene of the burial of the corpse of a *felo de se* without Christian rites. The coroner's jury, which last evening at six o'clock found that the commercial clerk, William George Williams, had committed the crime of self-murder, imposed upon Mr. Sergeant Payne the necessity of issuing his warrant for the burial of the body by torchlight, between that time and midnight. The last verdict of *felo de se* returned at Guy's Hospital was in the case of a person that died there twenty years ago, and on that occasion the horrible form of driving a stake into the body was gone through. The ghastly ceremony was performed in the burial-ground adjacent to the hospital, and is said to have been almost the last instance in which that obsolete barbarism was exercised in London. Lest the tradition should be, by any misconception, carried out in the present case, the coroner expressly ordered that no stake should be used."

"About nine o'clock last night a common market cart, drawn by an old horse, emerged from the hospital gates. The end of a deal coffin hung over the tail-board, and the name 'Williams,' written on it with a piece of chalk, showed that it contained the body of the suicide. In the course of an hour the cart, with its burden, was drawn up on the highway alongside a hedge at Norwood. The night watchman at the cemetery was called, and informed of the business on hand. The functionaries at the cemetery were just going to bed, and were completely taken by surprise by the production of the warrant for an immediate burial so late at night, for a case of the kind had not occurred there for twenty-six years. Mr. Gardiner, the superintendent, sent messengers to the neighboring public-house, and was fortunate enough to find two grave-diggers there. These men were promptly set to work to dig a grave at the southeast corner of the cemetery, beneath some lime trees. When the grave was deep enough, the cart, which had been left out on the high road, was driven into the grounds. The men unceremoniously lifted the coffin from the cart, and guided by the flickering light of the lanterns, carried it to the roughly-made grave. The excavation was longer than the coffin, and at either end near the bottom a candle was stuck into the earth, where, screened from the wind, which blew strongly and whistled through the trees, they cast a sickly light upon the yellow clay. The coffin was lowered into its place by means of ropes, the earth was instantly shoveled in and stamped down, the lights were put out, and all was over."

Capture and Escape of a Young Lady from the Indians.

Miss Sarah Jane Luster was living in Texas in the family of a Mr. Babb. The house was visited during the absence of all the men by a party of Comanche In-



BURIAL OF A SUICIDE AT MIDNIGHT.

bor, and all three returned, to my delight, into the covert, growling, roaring and fighting. But only for a moment—two came out again, at me. I gave them a ball each, most steadily and coolly placed, one—the first—turning up the bank on my right and the other to my left, and there was I left in a most charming position, with three wounded tigers all around me, and I could see none, and, of course, did not dare to move. I loaded my single shell rifle like lightning and had only put on the cap when I heard a move above and behind me, and one tiger, or rather tigress, coming down upon me. I

drank of water, for to tell you the truth my tongue was pretty dry, and I should not be far out if I said the want of moisture was caused by something very like a 'blue funk.' It nearly required all the nerve I had. Well, alas! I was doomed to a still greater trial. There was my first wounded bird, of whom I had seen nothing; so I thought with one I might venture out of my place, so got up on the bank as quickly as possible, and ordered the beaters again to throw in a volley of stones. This was answered by a roar; but old striped jacket would not come out; but a man in a tree said he was moving about, bleeding very much. I could not get to the tree, for I should have had to creep through the jungle. At last I was told he had laid down in a very thick clump near a rising bit of sand. I was not inclined to lose him, and did not like going in at him in such awful ground. However, after many attempts to force him out, I sent all the beaters off, took three of my keepers with spare guns, and walked toward the rising sand. I threw stone after stone into the clump; but not a sound. I moved on, and when within three yards of the place, one of my men swore he could see him under the covert. I looked, and looked in vain, I could see nothing; so, catching up my single shell rifle, told my men in a whisper, 'I will go on. If I put my hand behind me, one man is to stand fast, with my double rifle ready, the others to retreat slowly.' I moved on about two paces when I thought I saw my friend, and put my hand behind me, knowing that when once a tiger sees any one move away after he is discovered he charges at once. It did not take a second. I barely got my hand back on my rifle when the huge beast was on me. I had to throw my body back to get my rifle up without its touching him. The blood and breath from his mouth spattered all over my face, hands and neck. But, by God's goodness, I was steady, and pulled as he came on. The shell entered the brow just over the eye, burst in the brain, and literally blew his skull to pieces. He fell dead, with his formidable paws not four inches from my feet. I thanked God and sat down, when a yell from all the beaters (some 300) made me more refreshed."

THE LEGEND OF GRAFENSPRUNG.

EBERHARD II., Count of WURTEMBERG, had two children, Ulric and Lida. Ulric in a battle had been forced by superior numbers to retreat. His father reproached him with not remaining upon the field of battle either alive or dead, and after the manner of the rude barons of the middle ages, cut the cloth from the front of his usual seat at table, thus signifying to him that he had not earned his bread. This subject has furnished a theme to Schiller for one of his ballads, and a subject to Ary Scheffer for one of his finest paintings. Ulric regained his reputation by throwing away his life upon another occasion when he had gained a victory. The father's life was then lonely and sad, so that from being called Eberhard the Fighter, he was called Eberhard the Weeper, and this last is the name of another masterpiece by Scheffer. His daughter Lida, however, still remained to him. She had been betrothed by her brother before his death to his friend, Count Wolf, of Eberstein, but after his death, despite the supplica-

tions of both parties who loved each other, Eberhard betrothed her anew to Conrad, his nephew and his heir. In honor of these spouses a grand tournament was held, to which there came an unknown knight, arrayed in black, who challenged Conrad. The spectators thought he was Wolf, of Eberstein, but Eberhard recognized in him his lost son Ulric, who had thus returned from the grave to vindicate his word to his sister and his friend. Rising, therefore, with a cry of surprise and distress, he hastened toward the unknown knight, who suddenly disappeared before he reached his side. Despite this apparition, Eberhard remained firm in his purpose of having Lida marry his nephew. Then Wolf went to the wars, hoping to gain fame or death, but the result was that he lost all his property, was conquered and forced to become a poor fugitive from his ancestral home. As thus wandering, he returned to his former castle to ask a temporary refuge from its new owner, and alighting at the gate to demand admission, his favorite steed, Tador, was stolen by his faithless retainer. A few days afterward, while wandering disconsolate on foot, mourning his wretched fate, his ear caught the sound of a horse in full gallop, and suddenly Tador dashes up to him, bearing upon his back his lost love, Lida. Her father had bought Tador from the false thief, and given him to Lida for her own steed, to be ridden in the marriage procession, when the priest should complete her betrothal to Conrad. But the loving animal had broken from the procession, and by some instinct had sought its master, bringing his mistress safely to him. It needed but a few hurried words of love, and Wolf, mounting his recovered steed, took Lida behind him, and together they sought to escape to some more propitious spot, where their mutual love could compensate for the loss of all the rest of the world. Happy in their reunion, they set boldly out, but lo! suddenly in their front they met the retainers of Eberhard, who had scattered in search of their master's lost daughter. A worse fate than death in each other's arms was before them. Turning to his companion, Wolf asked, with a kiss, whether she would ride with him everywhere. Lida replied only with returning his kiss, and grasping his waist in a tighter and more passionate embrace. 'Twas done as soon as said. Turning Tador short round, and sinking his rowels deep in his side, they shot like an arrow from a bow to the cliff, and plunging down, sealed their devotion by their death. The cliff to this day bears the name of Grafsprung, the Count's Leap, and is near the little town of Eberstein on the Rhine, which was formerly the seat of the Count who is the hero of the legend.

LAWYERS AS SOLDIERS.

At the close of the last century when all ranks of the English nation armed in order that they might drive the Frenchmen into the sea if the First Napoleon should venture to throw a hostile force on their shores, the lawyers of London raised three separate volunteer



A LEGEND OF GRAFENSPRUNG.

corps. Instead of combining their numbers, the Inns of Court established two regiments—the B. I. C. A., or Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association, and the Temple Corps; the B. I. C. A. was also called the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers; and when the Temple Corps received from Sheridan the sobriquet of the "Devil's Own," the mob christened the Lincoln's Inn men the "Devil's Invincibles." Of these two bodies the Temple Corps was the more favorably known. It was confined to members of the bench and bar, and legal dignitaries swelled its numbers. Of this corps Erskine was colonel; and, speaking of him, Lord Campbell says: "I did once, and only once, see him putting his men through their manœuvres, on a summer's evening in the Temple Gardens, and I well recollect that he gave the word of command from a paper which he held before him, and in which I conjectured that his 'instructions' were written out as in a brief."

An active rivalry and some ill-feeling existed between the two corps. In the estimation of the public and also of the legal profession, the Lincoln's Inn Corps was the inferior regiment. The "Devil's Own" comprised a larger number of judges and distinguished leaders of the bar, and declined to enroll any student or lawyer who was not a member of an Inn of Court. On the other hand the "Invincibles" were glad to increase their number with recruits drawn from the inferior rank of the profession. The admission of attorneys subjected the corps to jokes equally humorous and pungent. It was said that when Lieutenant-Colonel Cox, the Master in Chancery, who commanded the corps, gave the word "Charge," two-thirds of his rank and file took out their note-books and wrote down £s. £d. Notwithstanding the ungenerous ridicule cast upon the B. I. C. A., several eminent lawyers served in its ranks. John Scott was on its roll after his elevation to the peerage, and Attorney-General Law (subsequently Lord Ellenborough) was retained for many months in the awkward squad because he failed to satisfy the requirements of the drill-sergeant.

"During the long war," Eldon used to say, "I became one of the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers, Lord Ellenborough at the same time being one of that corps. It happened, unfortunately for the military character of both of us, that we were turned out of the awkward squadron for awkwardness. I think Ellenborough was more awkward than I was, but others thought it was difficult to determine which of us was the worst." This expulsion certainly did not occur at an early date of the regiment's career, and it may be presumed that the ejection never actually occurred; but that Eldon and Ellenborough were irregular attendants and awkward soldiers on parade can be easily believed by the present writer, who, without arrogance, may claim for himself the honor of being the most inefficient private in the existing Inns of Court Corps.

"I think," said Lord Eldon, when he was an old man, "the finest sight I ever beheld was the great review in Hyde Park before George III. The king, in passing, addressed Tom Erskine, who was colonel, asking him the name of his corps. He answered the 'Devil's Own.' The Lincoln's Inn Volunteers always went by the name of the 'Devil's Invincibles.'" The king's courtesy to the Templars filled the hearts of the Invincibles with jealousy and wrath; for they received no similar attention.



MISS LUSTER'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE FROM THE COMANCHE INDIANS.

dians, who killed Mrs. Babb, and discovered Miss Luster, who had taken refuge in a loft, by her uttering an involuntary groan at the sight of the murder of Mrs. Babb. The Indians carried Miss Luster off as a captive, to their camp. Here she formed the resolution to escape, and noticing a very fleet horse in their possession she stole out one night to flee with him, but was driven back to her lodge by the barking of the dogs. A second attempt, made upon so rainy and stormy a night that even the dogs had sought shelter, was successful. After three days and nights of continuous riding, she became so worn out with fatigue and anxiety, that tying the horse to her body with a lariat, she lay down to sleep, and awoke to find herself again a captive in the hands of another tribe of Indians, the Kiowas. Being carried to the camp of her new captors, she only buried herself with new plans of escape, and was this time successful in her first attempt. Stealing away from them at night with her favorite horse, after days and nights of anxious traveling she reached the Santa Fe road, sixty miles east of Cow Creek, Colonel Leavenworth's headquarters, where her escape being reported, the colonel sent an escort to bring her safely to the camp. It is such scenes of daring and suffering that fit the women of our Western borders to be the mothers of the Western pioneers, who are the models and examples of bravery all over the world.

TIGER-SHOOTING.

COLONEL BAGOT, writing from Nugode, Central Provinces, India, gives the following account of an adventure with a tiger. After detailing adventures with these savage and dangerous animals, which equal in marvelousness those told by Gordon Cumming and the French African hunters, he thus describes his last adventure. He has told of one adventure, and continues:

"However, my next lark with them was a most wonderful business, and God's mercy alone saved me. I heard of another hill by the bed of the river, all immense boulder stones and heavy bush willow jungle. Off I went, and, having taken up a position at the end of a sort of island, told the beaters to go up the banks all round and try if he was there, by throwing in volleys of stones. I was standing quietly waiting, when to my horror, three huge tigers walked out, touching one another. There was no retreating; the beasts saw me in their road, and I knew I must fight it out; so I opened the ball, and as the leading one looked up to charge, I sent a shell on the point of his shoulder and smashed it to bits. So close were the tigers to each other, that he turned round and laid hold of his neigh-



TIGER SHOOTING IN INDIA.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

Mistaken for a Burglar.

A Nashville paper gives an account of one of its reporters who, while engaged in the eager search for an item at a late hour of the night, when all honest men are supposed to be in bed, was mistaken for a burglar by two policemen, and considering discretion the better part of valor, attempted foolishly to escape by running. The policemen, however, relying upon the ac-



MISTAKEN FOR A BURGLAR.

curacy of the equally opposite proverb, that the wicked flee when no man pursueth, set off in the chase. It began to appear as though it would be a difficult matter for the reporter, but his genius was equal to the emergency, and hastily doubling upon his pursuers, he turned sharply round a corner and climbed a tree he found fortunately handy, and remained there concealed until the hunt was over. The moral he derives from his adventure is, don't run away unless you can run fast enough to escape.

Tarring and Feathering a Judge.

At Santa Cruz, California, a justice named Rodehouse was trying a man named C. J. Richards, for having committed a trespass, when the friends of the accused, being desirous to see justice done though the heavens should fall, came into the court-room in a body, and



TARRING AND FEATHERING A JUDGE.

disregarding the sanctity of the law, seized the judge, carried him forcibly away from the bench, and tarred and feathered him. It would seem that this reverence for the law is not considered anything very extraordinary in that locality, since the authors of this extra violation of the judicial ermine were tried for the offense and punished with one day's imprisonment.

Sensation at the Harlem Depot.

Last week as the Harlem Depot was filled one day with the usual crowd gathered before the starting of the express train for Albany, two ladies came in and proceeded to take seats in the cars. One of them was young and fair, the other was fair but older. Just as the younger of the two was stepping upon the platform of the car, an elderly gentleman stepped up, and taking

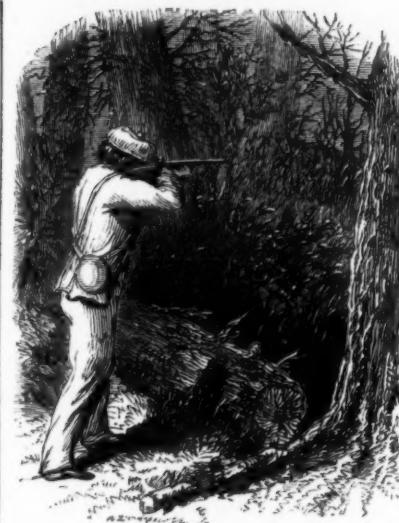


SENSATION AT THE HARLEM DEPOT.



THE GRACE DARLING OF AMERICA.

her by the arm prevented her, at the same time calling upon a policeman to arrest her companion. The young lady appealed to those present to prevent this interference with her personal freedom, saying that she was of age and able to take care of herself. The old gentleman persisted, and conquered by superior force, carrying her away in triumph. The young lady's companion, seeing their purpose, whatever it was, was defeated, returned to the carriage in which they had come, and drove away. The whole affair occupied but a few minutes, and though it produced great excitement among those present, the entire train being emptied of its passengers who were attracted by the scene, neither of the parties dropped a single word which could afford any clue either as to who they were, what relation they held to each other, or what was the origin of the difficulty. This fact, which of itself was convincing proof that they



MISTAKEN FOR A DEER.

were well-bred people, added fresh fuel to the excitement, and gave abundant scope to the imagination of the curious and the gossips who are always represented in sufficient numbers in every promiscuous gathering.

The American Grace Darling.

We give in another page of this issue, the portrait of Miss Ida Lewis, the heroine whose last exploit is here illustrated. Three men started out in a skiff, to rescue a sheep which had by accident been washed out into deep water, but owing to the gale blowing at the time off shore, they were unable to return. Miss Ida Lewis, the daughter of the keeper of Lime Rock light, seeing their danger, took the lighthouse boat, and putting out, saved them, brought the skiff in, in tow, and going out again, saved the sheep.



A SCENE AT THE TAX OFFICE, CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

Mistaken for a Deer.

An insane man named Manuel Uriah escaped recently from his keeper, near Sparta, Wis., and was seen in the woods by Mr. Amey, who mistook him for a deer, and wounded him fatally.

Night Scene in the Tax Office.

A Dr. Wohlforth was recently summoned, late at night, to go and see a young man, who had been seized with a fit in the tax office, in the stone building on Chambers street, next to the new court-house, now building. He found the young man suffering from an epileptic fit, and administered the remedies usual on such occasions. The young man soon recovered, and was

able to sit alone; when one of the persons who had summoned the doctor began to abuse him in such vile language as seems to be the vernacular of our city officers. When the doctor remonstrated at such conduct, the person commenced throwing inkstands, books, paper-weights, and any handy weapon at the doctor, who of course made as hasty a retreat as possible, but was followed for some distance in the street by his assailant. Calling the next day at the office, Dr. Wohlforth, despite his inquiries, could obtain neither the name nor the whereabouts of the ruffian. It would seem from this recent incident that such open outrages



A TRAGEDIAN IN A NEW ROLE.

are growing to be the ordinary manners of our city officials and clerks.

A Tragedian in a New Role.

A young tragedian playing in Newark, New Jersey, appeared the other evening in a new role. A band having gone over from New York to serenade a new married couple, but finding they had left the city, the band were upon the point of returning, when they were met by our tragedian, who prevailed upon them to give him the serenade. The band being desirous to play, did so, and the young actor received duly next day in the papers the honor of the serenade. It appears, however, that after it was over, he invited the band to a lager bier saloon, where the scene we have illustrated occurred. After treating the musicians, and



A LEOPARD ON THE RAMPAGE.

repeating the process, the owner of the bier asked for his money. He was told with a tragic air to charge it, but being a German, he was not sufficiently impressed with the dramatic action, accompanying the request to accede. The actor then offered his watch as security, but being only a piece of stage property, the Tonton again declined, and was in process of taking off his coat to proceed further in his demands, when one of the band generously advanced the money. Though the musicians are not sporting men, yet they are still aware that it is not strictly according to the rules for them to play and pay.

A Leopard on the Rampage.

A leopard recently escaped from his cage, in John Robinson's Menagerie, while it was exhibiting in Cin-



AN INFAMOUS WRETCH.



A MILK THIEF.

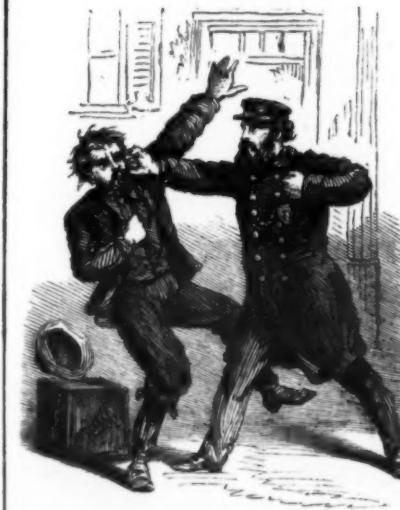
cinnati. The first intimation the keepers had of his escape was his leaping upon a dog and killing him. His appetite for blood being roused but not sated by this, he attacked and disposed of another dog, and then leaped upon the back of an elephant. The keepers had fled in terror. The elephant, however, seized the leopard with his trunk and hurled him about a dozen yards against the lions' cage. There was a great hubbub for a few moments among the animals. The lions roared, and the noise he had created, added to the effects of his unexpected reception by the elephant, so cowed the leopard that he retreated, thoroughly subdued into a corner, when the assistants taking courage and returning, he was easily captured and returned to his cage.



STRANGE BUT TRUE.

An Infamous Wretch.

A man, seemingly about twenty-five, and of respectable appearance, called at the house of Mr. Peter Hartman, in Brooklyn, the other day, and stated that he had been sent to examine the gas metre. Mr. Hartman's mother, who happened to be the only person in the house, allowed him to enter. Soon afterward he came again to her and demanded payment for a pretended bill for painting the house last summer; upon her telling him to return when her son was in, he commenced a brutal attack upon her, striking her forcibly in the face, knocking her down, and then kicking her. The neighbors hearing her screams for help, rushed in to her assistance, but the wretch had escaped before they arrived. It is supposed that his intention was to strike the old lady senseless, and then to rob the house. No clue has yet been found as to who he was.



CAPT. WOGLOM, CAPTURES A THIEF.

A Milk Thief.

A correspondent gives a story of a gentleman near Selma, Alabama, who was greatly annoyed at finding every now and then that one of his favorite cows was dry at milking time, having evidently been just drained of all her milk. Finally, by close watching, he one day detected the thief, and to his surprise found it a snake of the kind known as a cow-snake. The creature was at least five feet long, and as large as a man's arm at the shoulder. It performed the operation most expeditiously and deftly, nor did the cow seem to be averse to the process.

Strange but True.

We have an account sent us of two poor women who made a house in a hollow tree near Louisville, Kentucky,

and had made of it rather a comfortable home. It was certainly more of a shelter than some of the attics such as we represent this week upon our first page, and has the extra inducement of being free from all charge for rent. Unfortunately, however, there are not enough hollow trees to accommodate all those who would be pleased to escape the payment of rent.

Captain Woglom Captures a Thief.

A few evenings ago, Captain Woglom, of the police in Brooklyn, saw a man at a suspicious hour of the night walking along with a box of tea under his arm. The captain hailed him and asked him where he got it. The man replied it was none of his business. Differing, however, from this opinion, the captain insisted on examining his inquiries, when the thief dropped the box to the sidewalk and commenced an attack upon the police officer, but soon found that he had reckoned without his host, for the captain, by a well-directed blow, issuing straight from the shoulder and landing under the thief's ear, laid him on the ground. On his removal, the only concern the thief had was not from the consequences of his arrest, but a sort of semi-professional mortification in having been thus overcome in the practice of the manly art. His excuse, however, was, that the fatigue incident upon carrying the tea-box was the cause of his defeat. He will, however, have an opportunity to rest quietly long enough to recover.

Lord Mansfield and the Gordon Riots.

On Friday, June 2, 1780, when the sixty thousand rioters, headed by Lord George Gordon, a half-witted nobleman, marched from St. George's Fields over London Bridge, and through the city to Westminster, Lord Mansfield was one of the peers who were subjected to brutal insult on their way to their House of Parliament. As his carriage passed Parliament street he was received with yells, and the windows of the coach were broken with stones. Before the servants of the House of Lords succeeded in rescuing him from the rabble, he had been subjected to such personal violence that on taking his seat on the woolsack, as Lord Thurlow's substitute, he showed marks of indignity in his torn robes and disordered wig. When that day of national disgrace had closed, he drove from Westminster to his house without again encountering the defenders of our reformed religion.

But the mob resolved to wreak their vengeance upon him in a more signal manner. Hatred of the judge who was unanimously allowed to be the most accomplished and learned lawyer of his time, was one of the motives which inspired them to besiege the Temple, in the hope of destroying the whole accursed tribe of which he was a conspicuous chief. To sack the Temple was beyond their power, but they were able to burn the Chief Justice's house in the north-east corner of Bloomsbury Square. On the night of June 6, when the riot had been permitted to rage for four or five days, a dense mass of insurgents surrounded the mansion, and speedily accomplished the work of destruction. The attack had been anticipated, but no adequate means had been taken for the Chief Justice's protection. Magistrates, indeed, had wished to surround the house with footguards, but fearing that the presence of the soldiers would increase rather than lessen the danger, Lord Mansfield requested that they should be stationed in the church of St. George's, Bloomsbury, away from the observation of stragglers. It was thought that in case of an attack the detachment could leave their place of concealment, and drive the mob from the square. When the rioters, however, entered the square, their number was so great that the soldiers made no attempt to disperse them. After the leaders of the rout struck the front door with hammers and iron bars, the earl and his countess escaped by a postern gate from their premises, which were speedily in the hands of the rabble. The assailants were enthusiasts—not thieves. Destruction was ordered; robbery was denounced. "Death to Thieves!" was the cry. Of course the patriots were permitted to eat the contents of their enemy's larder and to drain his wine; but apart from victuals and drink they took away nothing of the judge's property. They broke mirrors, slit pictures down and across, and hurried costly furniture into the bonfires which made the gloomy square bright as daylight. One scoundrel was seen throwing a quantity of silver plate and gold coins into the flames, and as the precious metals left his hands, he thanked God that they would not be spent on masses. When the house had been thoroughly gutted and sacked it was set on fire.

The loss of his library, containing books given him by Pope or annotated by Bolingbroke, and manuscripts by his own hand, was the part of his misfortune which Lord Mansfield felt most acutely. There was (if the parliamentary reporters may be trusted) deep sensation in the House of Peers, when the earl, on June 19, not a fortnight after the destruction of his mansion, said, "My lords, the noble duke who last addressed the House is utterly mistaken in supposing that the employment of the military to suppress the late riots proceeded from any extraordinary exertions of the royal prerogative, and in his inference that we were living under martial law. I hold that His Majesty, in the orders he issued by the advice of his ministers, acted perfectly and strictly in accordance with the common law of the land and the principles of the constitution; and I will give you my reasons within as short a compass as possible. I have not consulted books; indeed I have none to consult." These are the riots described in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge."

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S BURIAL-PLACE.—Wolsey's remains were privately interred in one of the chapels of the Abbey at Leicester, which has long been reduced to a mass of shapeless ruins. The cardinal had, however, designed a sumptuous receptacle for his remains. Adjoining the east end of St. George's Chapel at Windsor is a stone edifice, built by King Henry VII., as a burial-place for himself and his successors; but this prince afterward altering his purpose, began the more noble structure at Westminster, and the Windsor fabric remained neglected until Wolsey obtained a grant of it from Henry VIII. The cardinal, with a profusion of expense unknown to former ages, designed and began here a most sumptuous monument for himself, from whence this building obtained the name of Wolsey's Tomb-House. This monument was magnificently built; and at the time of the cardinal's disgrace, 4,250 ducats had been paid to a statue of Florence for the work already done; and £200 18s. sterling had been paid for gilding only the half of this costly monument. It thus remained unfinished. In 1616 it was plundered by the rebels of its statues and figures of gilt copper. The tomb-house is now in process of decoration as a memorial to the late Prince-Consort. Wolsey had also executed for him at Rome a beautiful marble sarcophagus, but which did not arrive in time for the burial of the cardinal. It lay neglected for two centuries and three-quarters, when it was removed to the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in it were placed Nelson's remains.

THE author of "Fishing in Norway" asks the following pertinent questions: Where does the salmon go when he is in the sea? You may catch him in salt water as he is going up to the rivers; but where does he spend the rest of his time during the six months or so he passes in the ocean? Was ever one caught out in the far ocean? What does he take a fly for? A trout-fly is an imitation; but a salmon-fly is like nothing in heaven or earth. Moreover, as far as I know, salmon do not eat real flies. In fact, it is hard to say what salmon do eat in fresh water. When you catch them, their stomachs are always empty. Surely, a large Nansen fly, all silver twist and golden pheasant feathers, is like nothing a salmon can ever have seen. Besides, a salmon will take a boiled prawn; surely he can never have seen that before. And, thirdly, I want to know why the more a river is fished, the shyer the fish are? You will find this to be the case not only toward the end of the season, but also will experience the same thing the next year.

when you first begin. Do the few fish who are hooked and get off tell their friends and neighbors that a salmon-fly is not the most desirable thing to put in their mouths?

LORD ELDON AND HIS CLIENT.—Lord Eldon used to tell the following story of himself: "I was counsel for a highwayman at Durham, who was certainly guilty, but against whom no sufficient case was made out by legal evidence. I would not aid the prosecution by cross-examination, and, remaining quiet, my client was acquitted and discharged. Sitting in my lodgings in the evening, a very ill-looking fellow, whose face I had seen before, but could not at first recollect where—for he had changed his dress—burst in, my clerk being absent, and said: 'Lawyer Scott, you owe me two guineas. You were my counselor to-day, and you did nothing for me. I am therefore come to have my fee back again; and my fee I will have.' I seized the poker and said: 'Sirrah, although you escaped to-day when you deserved to be hanged, you shall be hanged to-morrow for attempting to rob me, unless you instantly depart.' At that moment my clerk luckily came in and the highwayman slunk off, or I am not sure that he would not have carried away with him not only his own fee, but all the fees I had received on the circuit."

A SHOWER of meteoric stones fell on the 30th of May in the territory of Saint Mérin, in the Department of the Aube, France. M. Doubré gives the following account of the phenomenon: The weather being fine and dry and only a few clouds in the sky, at about 4:45 in the morning, a luminous mass was seen to cross the sky with great rapidity, and shedding a great light between Meigny and Payna. A few seconds after this appearance, three loud explosions, like the report of cannon, were heard at the intervals of one or two seconds. Several minor explosions, like those of muskets, followed the first, and succeeded one another like the discharge of skirmishers. After the detonations a tongue of fire darted toward the earth, and at the same time a hissing noise was heard like that of a sib, but much louder. This, again, was followed by a dull, heavy sound, which a person compared to that of a shell striking the earth near him. After a long search he perceived, at the distance of about 200 feet from the place where he was when he heard the noise, a spot where the earth had been newly disturbed. He examined the place, and saw a black stone at the bottom of a hole nine inches deep, which it seemed to have formed. This stone weighed nearly ten pounds. On the following day a gendarme named Framonnet picked up another meteoric stone of the same nature, weighing nearly seven pounds, at about 2,000 feet distant from where the first fell. A third stone was found on the 1st of June by a man named Prost, 5,000 to 6,000 feet from the two spots above referred to. This last meteorite weighed nearly four pounds and a half.

A GENTLEMAN who has received numerous answers to a matrimonial advertisement has written a letter to the Birmingham *Gazette*, in which he says: "I observed curiously enough that the suitors for my hand were sharply divided into two classes. One was made up of women who were young, or comparatively so, and who could spell, but had no money. The other class was old, and had money, but could not spell. There was not among the applicants a single young woman who had money. There was not a single old woman without money. The facts are curious, but easy of explanation. A young woman with money easily gets married; without money she is sometimes reduced to desperation, and takes to answering advertisements as a last resource. And an old woman without money is so undesirable a mate, and her case is generally so hopeless, that she thinks it useless to make any matrimonial overtures whatever, even through the medium of an advertisement. If she has money, though, she has some hope, however infelicitous all her other circumstances may be."

A GOOD story is in circulation of a certain doctor, who sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient when he was more than "half-seas over," and conscious that he was so. On feeling her pulse and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered: "Drunk, by Jove." Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed, and just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer to the lady, a letter was put in his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he visited her;" and she entreated him to keep the matter a secret, in consideration of the enclosed—a \$100 bill.

THE OCCUPATION OF EMPRESSES AND QUEENS.—Homer has given us some notion of the employment of Princesses of his day, one of the most interesting episodes in his immortal epic being a descriptive account of the daughters of Ulysses engaged with their needles. It is curious to observe how that domestic occupation survives, although its mode has greatly changed, and is still occasionally indulged in by living Empresses and Queens, to relieve their minds from the cares of State and the weariness of Courts. Thus, the Empress of the French, the Empress of Russia, and the Queen of Spain and Bavaria, we are told by Court newsmen, beguile their hours with the Grover and Baker Sewing Machines. The needle, as used in the old-fashioned way, is fast departing from our domiciles, but we have a far better substitute in these invaluable and elegant machines; indeed, as the *Times* says: "To possess a Sewing Machine, and to know how to use it, is to possess a little mine of wealth."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A GREAT STORY.—It will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere that the *New York Weekly* is publishing another new story from the pen of the renowned romancer, Leon Lewis. The name of this new production is "The Water Wolf; or, The Demon of the Bermudas," and it is beyond question the very best romance which its talented author has yet given to the world. It is full of the most exciting scenes and incidents, and while reading it the world and its cares are entirely forgotten, and the reader seems to be living among the characters of whom he is reading, so great a hold does the story take upon the imagination. Every lover of romance should secure the opening chapters, and our word for it, they will not be slow to obtain what follows.

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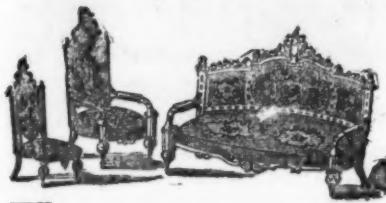


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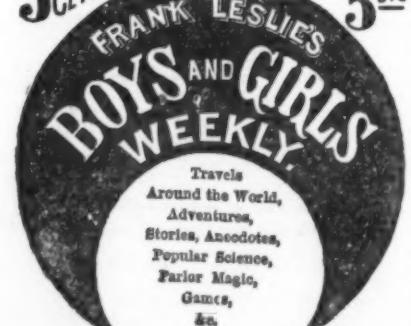
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